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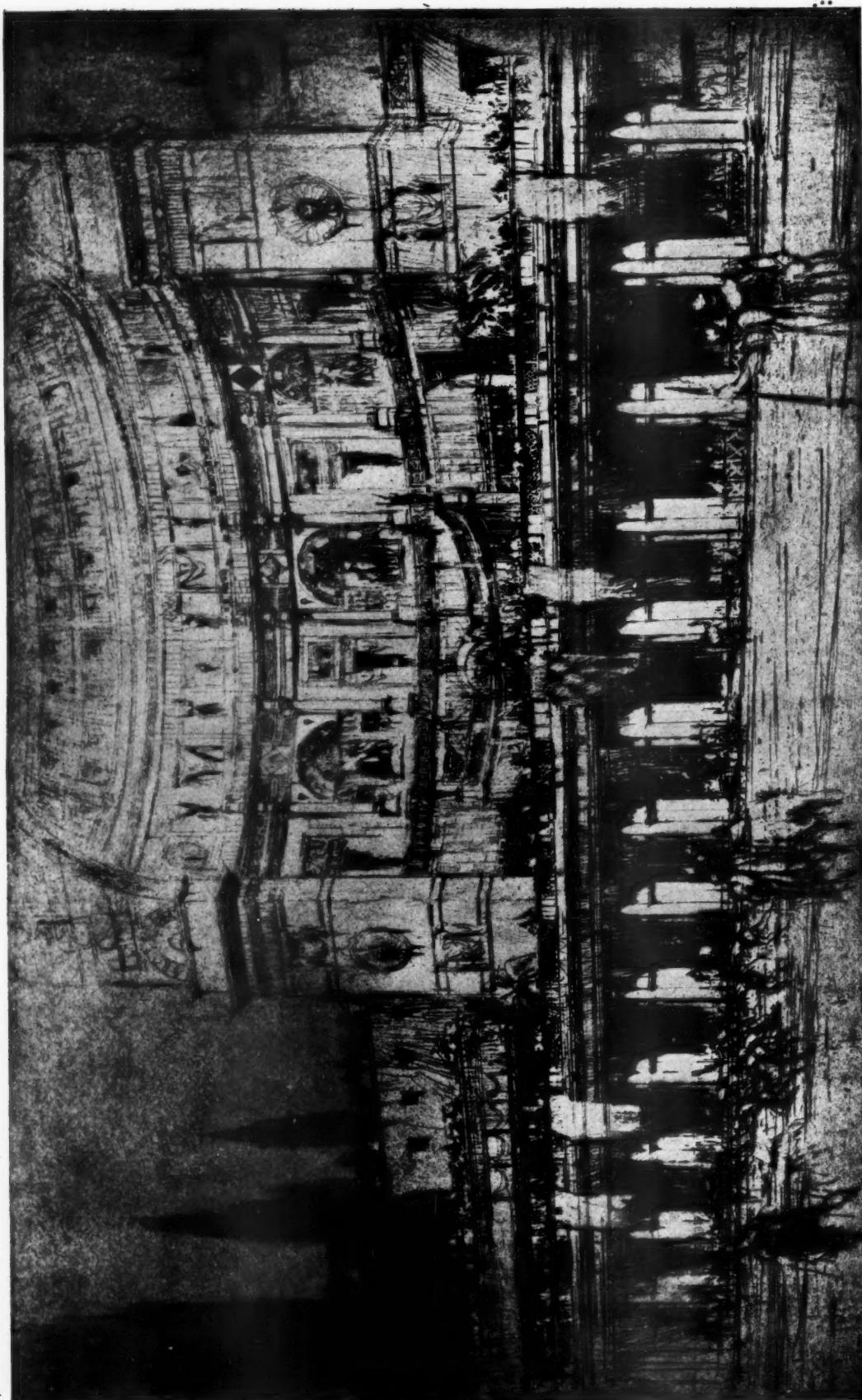


Plate I.

THE SO-CALLED STADIUM OF DOMITIAN ON THE PALATINE HILL, ROME.

From a Copyright Etching by William Walcot.

October 1919

MR. WALCOT'S NEW ETCHINGS OF ROME.

The so-called Stadium of Domitian, and the Caracalla Frigidarium.

By THOMAS ASHBY,

D.Litt., F.S.A., Director of the British School at Rome.

THE present appearance of the Imperial palace on the Palatine is very largely due to Domitian, the son of Vespasian, who ruled over the Roman Empire from A.D. 81 until his assassination A.D. 96. On the north-west summit of the hill he found a palace, erected originally by Tiberius, but probably much damaged by the fire of Nero. This he reconstructed on the old lines, slightly increasing its area (it was afterwards added to by Hadrian), and entirely rebuilding the approaches to it from the Forum. On the south-east summit, as recent excavations have shown, another palace had been erected by either Tiberius or one of his immediate successors, decorated with very fine marble incrusted on both walls and pavements, and with paintings of considerable decorative merit on the walls. Remains of concrete foundations, which may be seen under the level of the floor of the triclinium, or State dining-room, of the palace of Domitian, have been ruthlessly driven through these remains, probably (indeed there is no other emperor to whom they can be attributed) by Nero, when, after the fire of A.D. 64, which destroyed apparently the greater part of the buildings on the Palatine, he decided on the construction of the enormous Golden House, and absorbed not only the whole of the Palatine, but the Velia and part of the Esquiline as well, the total area covered being more than one half greater than that occupied by the Vatican, including the garden, St. Peter's, and the piazza in front of it.

It would not seem, however, that on the Palatine Nero's building activity had produced very considerable results (and indeed, as we know, the main buildings of the Domus Aurea were on the Esquiline) by the time that, only four years later, he perished; and Domitian's architect, Rabirius, had therefore an entirely free hand, of which he took full advantage. The palace which he erected on the south-east part of the hill falls into three main divisions—the State apartments, with the principal entrance facing the old palace of Tiberius: the private apartments, partly on the same level, but with a large courtyard at a lower level on the south-west towards the Circus Maximus: and the so-called stadium, which is in reality a garden, also on the lower level. There is also a considerable amount of construction of the period of Domitian on the farther side (south-east) of the garden; but later emperors, notably Septimius Severus, enlarged the Imperial palace on this side, and a certain amount of meticulous study of the various kinds of brickwork in the facing of the concrete walls is required before one can arrive at any degree of certainty in assigning any particular group of walls to one emperor or another.

We have said that the so-called stadium is really a garden, and it will be well to explain our meaning briefly. The building with which we are dealing is a rectangular space, measuring some 170 by 50 yards, running from north-east to south-west, the latter end being curved. The only mention of it by any ancient author is in the Acts of S. Sebastian, who was brought by Diocletian into the "hippodrome" of the Imperial palace and beaten to death. Most writers on the subject have therefore taken the name literally, without considering that a letter of Pliny the younger clearly shows that as early as his day it was in common use to denote a formal garden of narrow, rectangular

shape, which was obviously a favourite plan. We know that Pliny himself had one in his villa at Laurentum, and there were two in the villa of the Quintili on the Via Appia.

An examination of the building itself brings us to the same conclusion. The central space is surrounded by a portico supported by pillars, decorated with half-columns of brick-faced concrete, faced with slabs of Porta Santa marble, and with bases of white marble. Most writers on the subject tell us that these pillars were added by Hadrian, or even by Septimius Severus; but a careful examination of the brick facing leaves no doubt that, while some of them were reconstructed by the latter emperor, enough remains of the original pillars to leave no doubt that they should be assigned to the original construction of Domitian: and the evidence of brick stamps leads us to the same conclusion. The vaulting of the arcade which they supported must have been in places restored by Hadrian (to go by evidence of the same nature).

On the south east side an enormous apsidal niche, or exedra, rises to a height of 120 ft., and this too has been supposed by most topographers to belong either to the time of Hadrian or to that of Septimius Severus; but here again there seems to be no doubt that the brick facing is contemporary with that of the walls of the main building; and none of the brick stamps discovered in situ, as distinct from those found loose, need be dated later than the end of the first century A.D.* We need not therefore have recourse to the expedient to which a guide is said to have resorted. Confused, apparently, by the various views which are current on this subject, he was heard to explain to the party of tourists whom he was conducting, that "zis vos ze stadium vere zey ran ze races, and Domitian 'e sat on ze von side and 'Adrian 'e sat on ze ozzer."

After the foregoing exposition, let us turn, perhaps with a sigh of relief, to Mr. Walcot's interpretation of the remains (Plate I), which we have been describing in some detail in order that the purpose and date of the building before us might be clear. Mr. Walcot has selected for illustration the great exedra on the south-east, and has purposely emphasized its importance somewhat at the expense of the rest of the edifice. It is true that architects have not been by any means in complete agreement as to the way in which the restoration should be made. Thus, though Commendatore Boni, in his actual reconstruction of a small portion of the portico on the north-west side of the garden, has made arches spring from the half-columns which, as we have seen, ornamented the pillars that supported the coffered-barrel vaulting of the arcade, the restorations of Pascal and Deglane—both made, it is true, before the north-west end was excavated in 1894—show a flat architrave above the columns; and Mr. Walcot has followed their example. From an archaeological point of view, it seems probable that Commendatore Boni is right, and the height of the arches is inferred, and apparently correctly, from the existence of relieving arches in the back wall of the portico; but the arches are not well proportioned, being too narrow for their height; and there being

* Some of Domitian's walls were refaced by Septimius Severus when he extended the palace to the south-east.

legitimate grounds for doubt in the matter, Mr. Walcot has, perhaps, been not unwise in selecting the more artistic alternative.

He has, too, slightly diminished the height of the space above the architrave, which the Italian archaeologists who were in charge of the excavations of 1894 conceive to have been decorated with a frieze, and above that with plain panels divided by carved pilasters, fragments of which they actually discovered. In this particular he has again taken the same course as the two French architects.

There is great difference of opinion as to the way in which the upper portion of the building should be reconstructed. Mr. Walcot confines himself to terraces overlooking the central space; while most of the other attempts at the solution of the problem carry it up as far as the springing of the half-dome of the exedra. The Italian excavators place two open colonnades above the arcade on the ground floor, arguing from the fact that columns of granite and of pavonazzetto marble, of two different sizes, have been found; while others prefer to attribute the smaller columns to the decoration of the interior of the exedra (placing them between the niches), and therefore to place only one order above the ground floor, or even none at all, as the latest German authority, Haugwitz, does. It must be confessed that, though here he is following Deglane, the whole looks very dull and formal.

The interior of the building was thus certainly not a hippodrome—there is no space for horse-races, and we can explain the name otherwise quite satisfactorily—and we must view it as a garden. This is confirmed by the fact that remains have been found of the marble gutters and edgings which bounded the paths or the beds. At the same time, the existence at each end of a semicircular fountain basin, occupying the position which would be assigned to the *metae* or goals in the actual circus or hippodrome, makes it not at all impossible that there were paths or drives, a certain number of "laps" of which would make up a measured mile. As we know, the Romans were quite addicted to taking their exercise in this way; and in the present and other instances it is also quite possible that the paths were used as foot-racing tracks. Mr. Walcot has thus depicted the start of such a foot-race in the foreground, while the emperor and the favoured few look on from the terrace in front of the exedra, and others from the interior of the arcade on the ground floor or from the upper terraces at the sides. The great apse, which, as we have seen, Mr. Walcot makes the central point of his composition, towers up in all the splendour of its polychrome decoration—marbles of every hue enclosing the statues in the great niches of its main order, with winged Victories above the columns, and above them again the gilded (or, perhaps, plain white) coffering of the huge semi-dome. To interpret the ruins of the past greatness of Rome, and from them to attempt to reconstruct the magnificence of its glorious days, is the task which Mr. Walcot has set himself; and certainly the vividness of his conception, and the skill with which he has expressed it in the fine plate which is now before us, will help many of us in a similar attempt.

We may deal more briefly with Mr. Walcot's second etching—the Frigidarium of the Baths of Caracalla (Plate II). The building is well known to all architects, and neither its date nor its purpose is in dispute. It was probably begun A.D. 211 and dedicated in 216, though at that time only the main building was completed, the outer enclosure being the work of his successors. The main building itself is constructed on the typical plan, which was very closely followed in the baths of Diocletian. The main axis runs from north-east to south-west, and on it lie the three main halls—the *frigidarium* (or cold bath), the central

hall (hitherto generally known as the *tepidarium*, though a glance at the plan would have clearly shown that the large openings by which it is pierced on every side would have made it impossible to retain any heat in it*), and the *calidarium* (or hot room), approached by a smaller room with only two doors, which is to be identified with the *tepidarium*. At each end of the central hall lay a *palaestra*, or open court for gymnastic exercises; and at each end of the *frigidarium* were the entrance halls, dressing-rooms, etc., the north-east wall of the *frigidarium*, which formed part of the main façade of the building, being unbroken except by a series of niches, decorated with statues and flanked by columns, on the inside.

It is the west angle of the *frigidarium* that Mr. Walcot's etching shows. On the left is the opening leading into the central hall on the south-west side, and next to it comes one of the two large semicircular niches which flanked it; while on the right of the picture is the passage-way to the ante-rooms. We notice, on each side of the semicircular niche, one of the eight huge columns of grey Oriental granite with which this great hall was decorated; the entrances on the right and left were adorned with smaller columns. Above the passage leading to the central hall is a lunette, which Mr. Walcot has filled in with openwork screens of marble. The design of these is taken from the window-frames, executed in plaster, which have been discovered in the recent work of restoration in the fifth-century church of S. Sabina on the Aventine. These were added in the ninth century, and the original panes were of selenite—a yellowish, transparent, crystallized gesso, which gives a very soft and beautiful light. It is quite possible, however, that in the baths we have to imagine that the screens would have been open, for it is clear that the *frigidarium* was only designed for use in the heat of summer, inasmuch as it is on the north-east side of the building, and possesses no arrangements for warming the water to an even moderate temperature in the winter.

The ceiling appears to have been flat. Caracalla's biographer speaks of a hall in these baths, which was called the *cella soliaris*, and excited the wonder of architects owing to the enormous span of its ceiling, which was said to be supported by concealed girders of bronze or copper. Now, in the excavations of 1872-3, large fragments of fallen vaulting were found, which "appeared to be pierced by iron bars about one metre long, with the upper end bent like a hasp at the lower end. Perhaps the girders were not exactly embedded in the roof, but the roof itself was hung, as it were, to the girders by means of these iron crooks." † It has therefore been generally supposed that this hall was the *cella soliaris*. But a French scholar, M. de Pachtere,‡ has recently pointed out that at Mdaourouch in North Africa inscriptions speak of a *cella soliaris* and of *solia*, which, we learn, though it originally meant a throne, is also frequently used in the sense of a bath for a single person, and, more particularly, a hot bath. The *cella soliaris* of the baths of Caracalla, therefore, is not the *frigidarium* at all, but the *calidarium*, the huge circular hall on the south-west, with its domed roof, in which, as recent excavations have shown, there was no central basin, but hot baths were taken in smaller basins arranged round the room. The girders of which we have spoken are not to be detected in the remains of this huge rotunda, and the whole story may well have been only hearsay repeated by a writer of nearly a century later.

* Recent excavations have shown that there were no arrangements for heating this central hall. The same considerations apply to the central hall of the baths of Diocletian, now the church of S. Maria degli Angeli.

† Lanciani, "Ruins and Excavations," 53F.

‡ "Mélanges de l'Ecole Française de Rome," XXIX. (1909), 401.

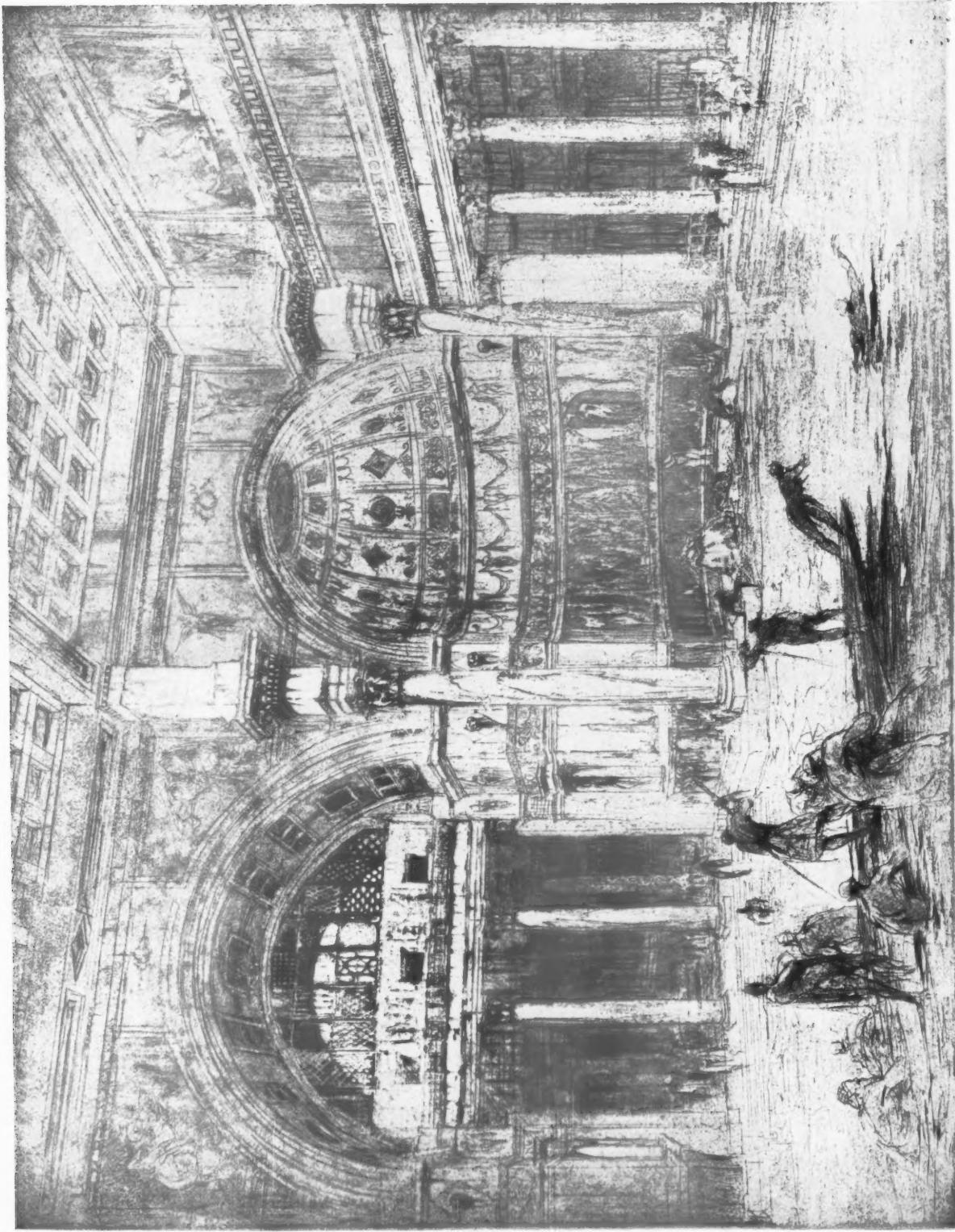
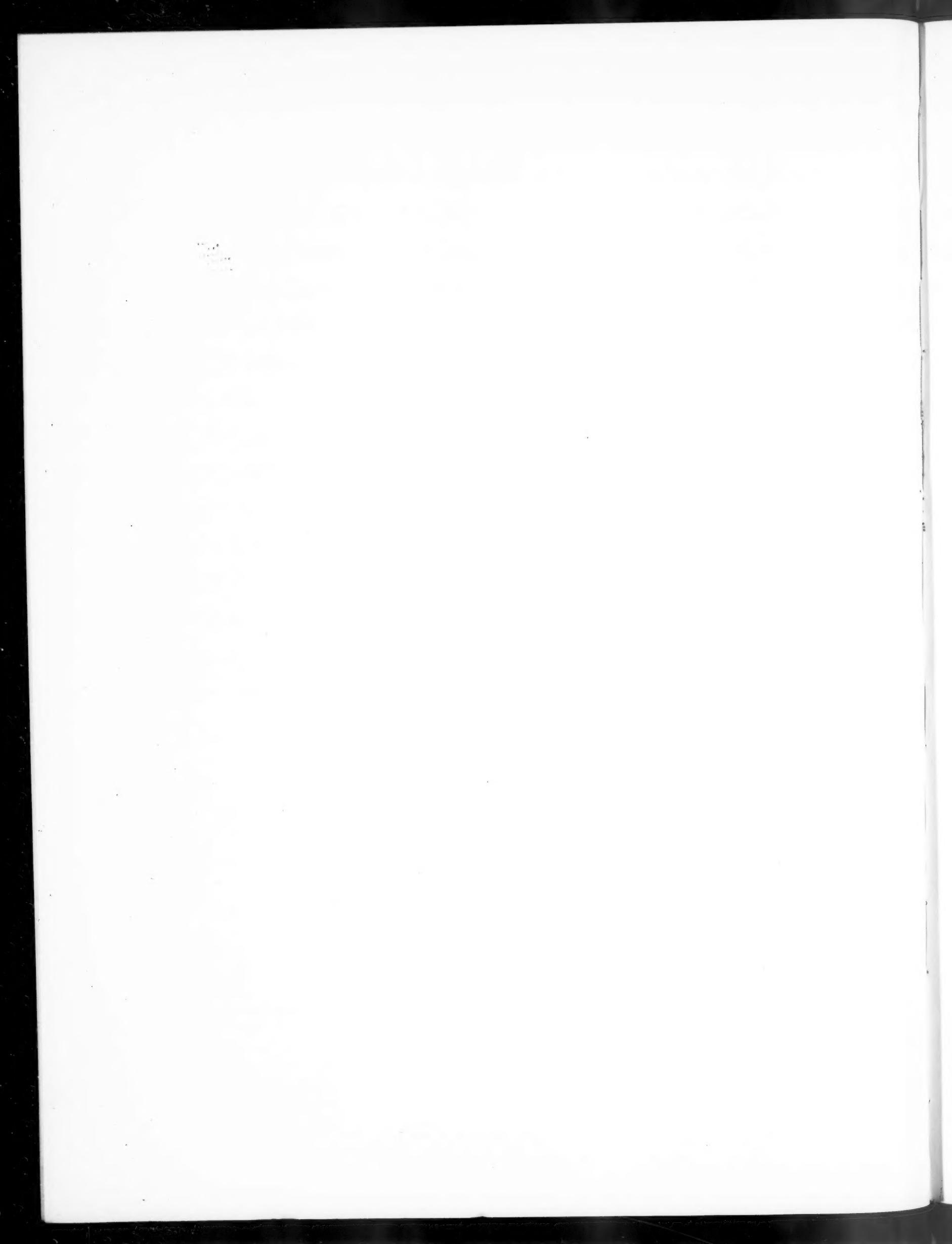


Plate II.

THE FRIGIDARIUM OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

From a Copyright Etching by William Walcot.

October 1919.



The swimming-pool was some fifty-seven yards long by twenty-six wide, and approached by marble steps on all sides except the north-east. The water was admitted by a series of openings on this side, and the waste let out on this side also. The underground passages, which served for the service of the bath and for drainage of the waste water, are very remarkable and comparatively little known. The examination of them which was undertaken about twenty years ago produced some striking results and showed how perfect was the planning of these enormous buildings; it also became clear to what an extent the architect had provided against the strains and thrusts to which the various parts of the huge building would be subjected, by a very perfect system of sleeper walls connecting them, so as to distribute the pressure.

Mr. Walcot's etching naturally takes no account of these details, but shows us what was the aspect of these great baths in their prime, when they were thronged with thousands of

bathers, a few of whom are seen in the swimming-pool, while others, no doubt, were taking their hot bath before the rub down, and plunge into the cold water which, as in the modern Turkish bath, ended the process. But these great establishments served for other purposes as well—poets recited their poems, rhetoricians their speeches, philosophers discoursed, and friends met there. In the gardens, porticoes, and libraries which surrounded the central building many others occupied their time in various ways—for the Roman thermal establishments were also places of resort, meeting, and amusement.

Both this and the etching of the so-called stadium are well fitted to give us an idea of the splendour of Imperial Rome, and to help us in imagination to reconstruct the life that once went on among its silent ruins; and it may be hoped that they will inspire students of architecture with the desire to examine these ruins for themselves, and thus to profit by the many lessons that can be learnt from them.

A SHORT NOTE ON MR. WILLIAM WALCOT'S ART.

IT has been remarked that art of all kinds is subject to recurrent attacks of pettiness. At one period there is a marked tendency to frivolity in the choice of subject; at another, artists have followed a pernicious fashion of introducing paltry details, to the ruin of a dignified conception. "When it gets to this," an acute critic of art has observed, "that every artist who undertakes a great thing is looked upon as a profligate or a fool because there is no market for a great thing, matters can hardly be worse. The necessarily constant consideration of marketableness in pictures is very degrading, and tends inevitably to unfit the artist for the best work. Crowded into the smallest spaces, cut off from all great ambitions, men cease to think largely, grow petty in their subjects, reach out into striking mannerisms for the sake of effects that cannot be produced in a natural way, and lavish on technique the power and pains that should go into great designs and a free and full individual expression." When this passage was written, the petty school of artists was predominant—everything was niggled, especially etching.

When Mr. William Walcot began to etch there was a cult of pallid plates; fat line and dark mass were avoided; there was a passion for scratchiness. Mr. Walcot did not fall into this snare; he knew that the needle could do better work than the scratching of anaemic die-away lines. Trained as an architect, he knew the value of mass and breadth, and realized the futility of attempting to impart to an etching any of the qualities that have been proved to be more suitable to other media. As an architect, he knew that the maxim or catch-phrase, "suitability of material to purpose," had its application to graphic art; that any attempt to wrest etching from its true function must inevitably result, if not in failure, then in the dubious success that excites more astonishment than admiration in a *tour de force*. Like Brangwyn and Cameron and Strang, he either ascertained by study or discerned by intuition exactly what an etched plate could and could not do, and by what methods to make it yield up its most precious content at the point of the needle.

Mr. Walcot's mastery of his medium, and the mellowing of his knowledge of its capacities and idiosyncrasies, become more obvious with each successive plate. He never attempts to force an effect that is alien to his vehicle, and the human figures that he delights to introduce are seldom or never delineated.

A SHORT NOTE ON MR. WILLIAM WALCOT'S ART.

He is content to indicate them. They convey the impression that the artist visualizes them in groups, and dashes in the individual figures with the utmost speed lest the vision should fade ere he can fix the effect. It is in this way, one imagines, that he gets his perfect composition. Only thus, surely, could his groups look so spontaneous and so natural.

Clearly the artist has vision and imaginative power. Why, then, does he so seldom give us pictures that are pure creations? It is best to answer this question in the manner of the Scots, by putting another. Why should not an artist follow his bent or inclination? That way lies success, unless the fates rule otherwise. It is the purgatory of artists to be compelled to do that they would not. It is their paradise to have found out what they could do best and to be able thereafter to stick to it. That seems to be Mr. Walcot's happy lot. It is so obvious that he enjoys his subjects, and that, as we all know—for it is the tritest commonplace of the everyday psychologist—is one of the so-called secrets of artistic success, for the joy is infectious. It seems to us that Mr. Walcot always "follows the gleam," which in his case has been no *ignis fatuus*. It has led him on to fame. One could imagine that his development was somewhat on these lines: Precocious skill in drawing led him to choose architecture as a profession. His beautifully pictorial draughtsmanship brought him so many commissions to render the crude sketches of other architects that he was rapidly drawn away from architecture—not unwillingly, one may suppose, for he knew that he was following the gleam.

Then his success in investing with beauty designs that sometimes had no original claim to that quality must have led him to ask himself—or more probably let someone to ask him, for, like many another delicately sensitive artist, he has an excess of modesty—why, his fine talent having been discovered, he should not employ it on the masterly buildings of antiquity? This, as we all know, he has done with a skill that has lifted him to the high level of the great masters in architectural "restorations" or reconstructions, of which those reproduced in Plates I and II are typical specimens. Of his paintings there is no room to say more than that they reveal him as an accomplished colourist; no daintier brushwork than his has ever graced the walls of the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy.

J. F. McR.

GEMS OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

VIII. Bodiam Castle, Sussex.

BY NATHANIEL LLOYD, O.B.E.

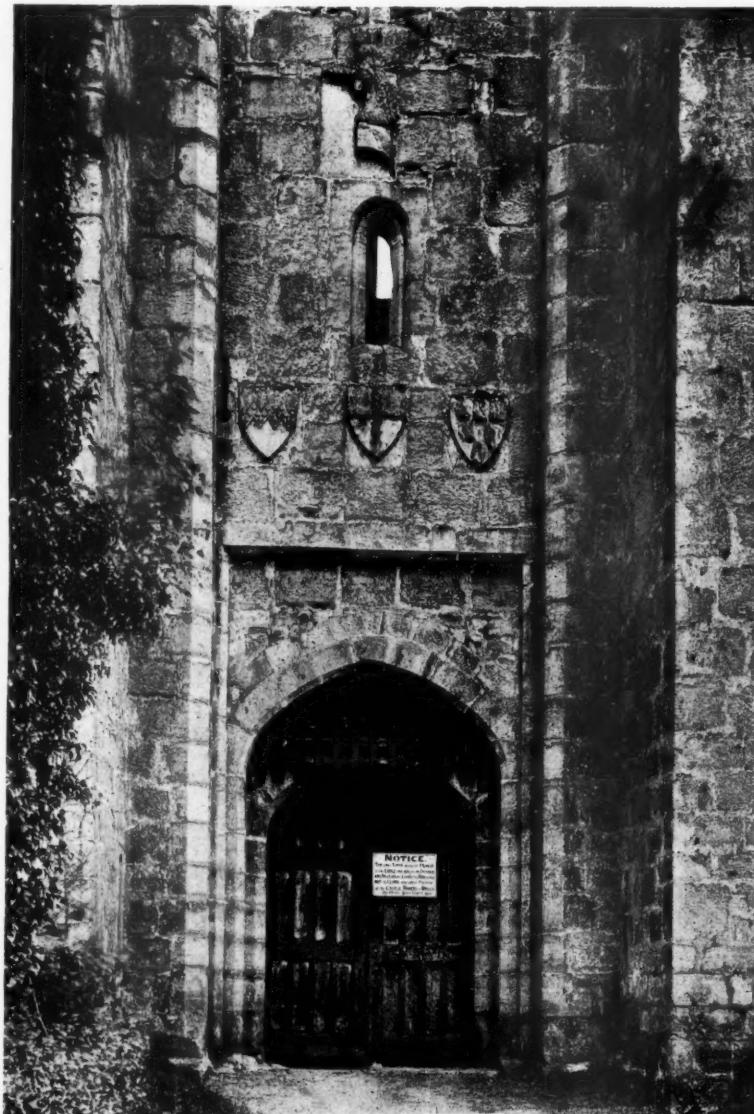
IF history is correct, Sir Edward Dalyngrige was a ruffian, who, serving under Sir Robert Knollys, remained in France after the signing of the treaty of Brétigny, established himself in Normandy, raided and reduced castles there, and specialized in the capture of ladies whom he held to ransom. By these means, by his marriage with Elizabeth Wardeux (heiress of Bodiam Manor) and his influence at Court, he amassed a large fortune. He could not have been present at the battles of Crécy and Poitiers (which were fought respectively in 1346 and 1356), as has been stated, for he was only born in the year 1346; but he was one of many knights of higher and lower degree who remained in France after the treaty, and after the King himself had withdrawn, to spoil a country with which their own sovereign was then at peace, but which was too weak to resist them successfully. In 1386 he obtained from Richard II. a licence to "strengthen, embattle, construct, and make into a castle, with a wall of stone and lime, his manor house of Bodiam . . . for the defence of the adjacent country and the resistance of our enemies," etc. The river Rother is tidal to a point a mile above Bodiam, and French ships sailed up and landed forces which raided the country. The town of Rye, situated near the mouth of the Rother, bears evidence to this day of the damage suffered from such attacks by the French. Bodiam Castle is stated by Mr. Cotton to have been built after the model of Derval and other Breton castles which Sir Edward occupied during the French wars.

The history of "Bodiam and its Lords" was given in some detail by Mr. M. A. Lower, a notable Sussex historian, in 1857. It begins with the reference to it in Domesday Book of lands held there by followers of the Earl of Eu, a relative of William the Conqueror. These tenants (Osborn, Roger, and Ralph) and their successors assumed the name of de Bodeham; the manor passed to a Wardeux, and later to Sir Edward Dalyngrige through his marriage with Elizabeth Wardeux. It appears as

though Sir Edward had liberally interpreted the licence to "strengthen his manor," and that the castle he erected within the wide moat was an entirely new building upon a site specially prepared for it. The reputed site of the original manor house is

some distance away to the north, and in no portion of the castle is there any trace of an earlier building. Lewknors succeeded Dalyngruges, and in their turn were succeeded by others, the last of whom, Lord Ashcombe, died during the late war. His executors recently sold the property to Earl Curzon of Kedleston.

The castle is situated on ground slightly above but near the river Rother, which, owing to the construction of a lock at Scots Float, near Rye, is no longer tidal there. The wide moat, fed by springs, forms a picturesque setting to the massive pile. The building was completed in 1405, and is particularly interesting as one of the latest of the mediæval castles. Two miles away as the crow flies is the timbered manor house of Dixter, one of the earliest of its type, for which a licence to fortify was granted in 1479. The fortifications, however, could not have been very substantial, and no trace of them remains. Bodiam, on the other hand, was designed for defence; it would have been a difficult fortress to take without



ENTRANCE GATEWAY.

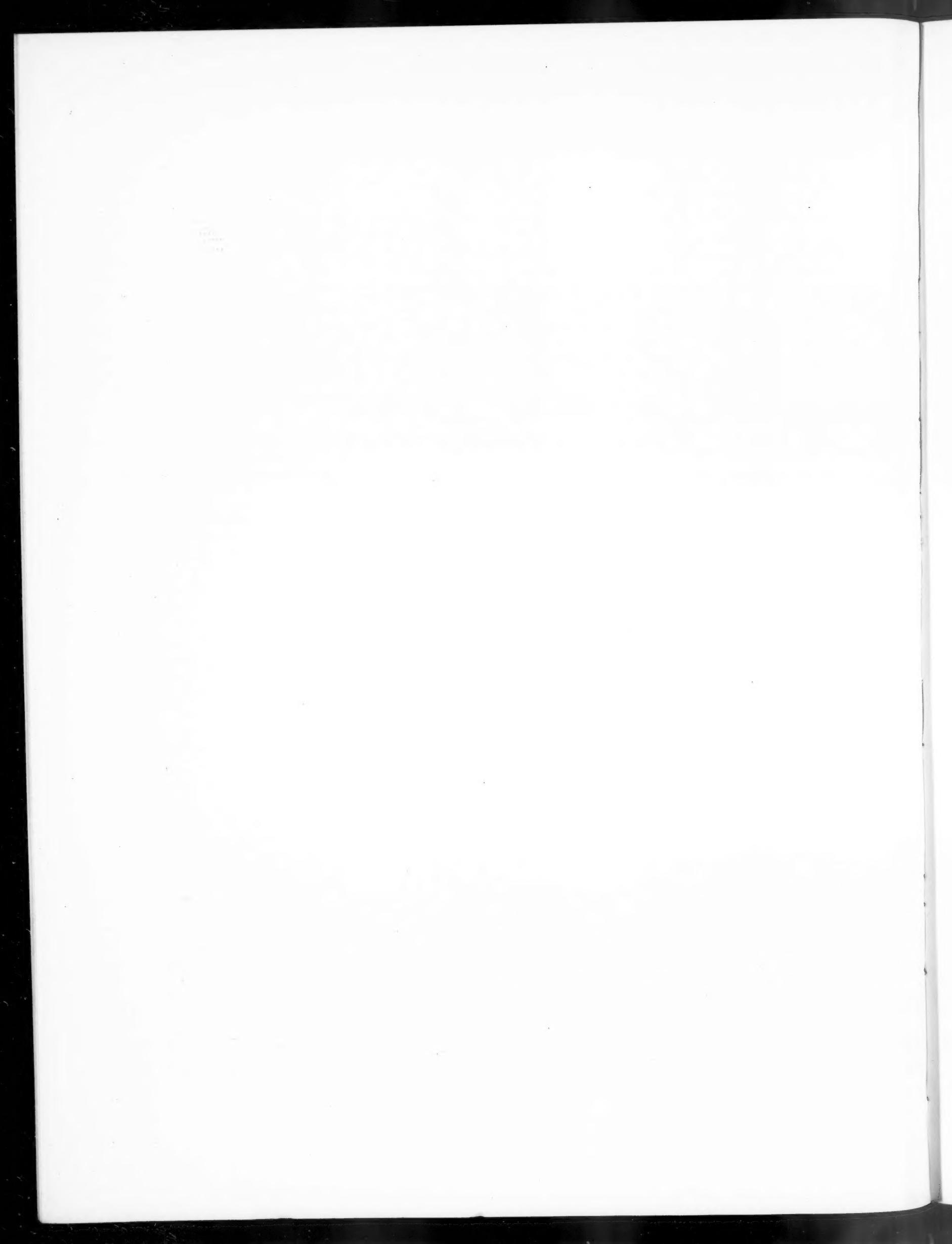
artillery. Possibly its weakest point would have proved to be the embankment on the south side of the moat, which retains its waters, and which it is conceivable might have been pierced without the defenders of the castle being able to intervene effectively. There is, however, no record of Bodiam having been besieged, so possibly it was regarded as too tough a nut easily to be cracked. The castle stands foursquare to the cardinal points of the compass. Lower gives the extent of the moat from north to south 540 ft., from east to west 350 ft. He gives Burrell's measurements of the building as follows:—"Length, measuring from the centre of the angle tower from north to south, 165 ft.; from east to west, 150 ft. The inner court from north to south,

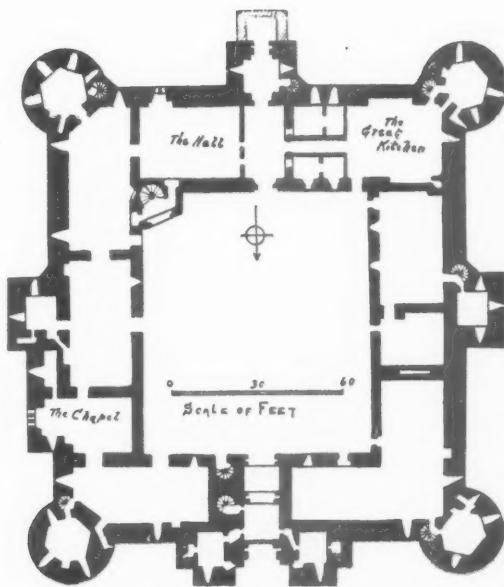


BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX.

Plate III.

October 1919.





GROUND PLAN.

Based upon the
1
2500 Ordnance Survey and Measurements.
By Mr. H. Sands.

From the *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, Vol. XLVI.

87 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft.; from east to west, 78 $\frac{3}{4}$ ft. The kitchen, inclusive of the buttery, is 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ ft. by 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and the dimensions of the great hall are similar. The chapel measures 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. by 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. The towers are 65 ft. high from the surface of the moat, and the average thickness of the walls is 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft." Both tower and curtain walls are battered.

The principal entrance is in the north front (Plate III), and is connected by a short causeway with the barbican. The causeway from the latter, across the remainder of the moat, is modern. Originally it was connected with the mainland by a light structure at a right angle to the ancient causeway. This

would be more exposed to attack by the garrison. This elevation has in the external walls no large openings like the chapel and hall windows on the east and south sides. Such windows as those with which the walls are pierced are small, narrow, and high up. Oeillets for discharge of arrows and other missiles pierce the towers of the principal gateway. The illustration of this gateway (p. 82) shows the arms of (left to right) de Bodeham, Dalyngrufe, and Wardeux. Above these is the Dalyngrufe crest. Apparently this entrance was regarded as the point most likely to be attacked, for it is furnished with no fewer than three portcullises, and the openings



SOUTH FRONT AND ENTRANCE.



VIEW OF SOUTH-EAST ANGLE.

behind the boldly crenellated and machicolated parapets of the towers provide for pouring boiling water and molten lead upon besiegers who succeeded in passing the barbican. The gateway itself is deep, and the groined stone roof is also furnished with openings through which to "speed the parting [or advancing] guest."

The view of the north-east angle (below) shows the water of the moat drawn down. When Lord Ashcombe acquired the property he repaired the building. Stones which had been thrown down into the moat were replaced on the battlements, and the bases of the towers and curtain were cemented at the point where the waters of the moat lapped against them. The accompanying illustrations show how the mortar below this level has perished, leaving cavities into which the hand can be thrust. The pointed window of the chapel has had its tracery largely renewed. The illustration of the south-east angle (p. 83) shows the four-light window of the great hall. The two-light windows in the east elevation (below) belong to the parlour and (upper) solar. The south-east tower contained the staircase to the solar, etc. The illustration of the south front (p. 83) shows another square central tower, pierced by the postern doorway and crowned with bold machicolations. On the face of this tower are three shields, two of which bear no cognizance. The centre shield is recumbent. It bears three roses on a chevron, and above it are a helmet and lambrequin, surmounted by the crest, a ram's



ENTRANCE TO GREAT HALL FROM COURTYARD.

head, which Lower describes as the armorial ensigns of Sir Robert Knollys, K.G., the patron of Sir Edward, who served under him in France. Lower quotes the following distich by a mediæval poet:—

"O Roberte Knollis, per te fit Francia
mollis,
Ense tuo tollis praedas, dans vulnera
collis."

which he translates:—

O Robert Knowles, the stubborn souls
Of Frenchmen well you check ;
Your mighty blade has largely preyed,
And wounded many a neck.

A French author calls Knollys "le véritable Démon de la Guerre." It was at the castle of Derval, which he compelled the Duke of Brittany to cede to him, that he dwelt in great state with his suite, amongst whom was Sir Edward Dalyngruge. The introduction of his arms at Bodiam Castle shows the respect with which he was regarded by Sir Edward.

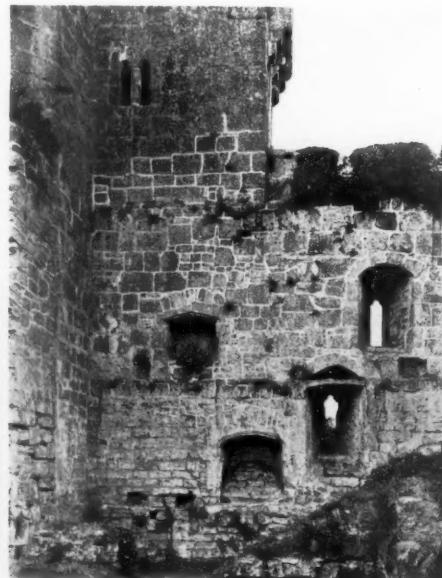
The upper portion of the tower on the S.W. angle is fitted within as a columbarium.

In days when people lived largely upon salt meat during the winter months, the dovecote was an important means of providing fresh meat. The right to keep pigeons was reserved to religious establishments, manor houses, etc., and was greatly prized. If the Normans did not actually introduce columbaria into this country, as has been alleged, they certainly made them a usual and an important feature of their castles.

Other towers are provided with garderobes, constructed in the thickness of the walls.



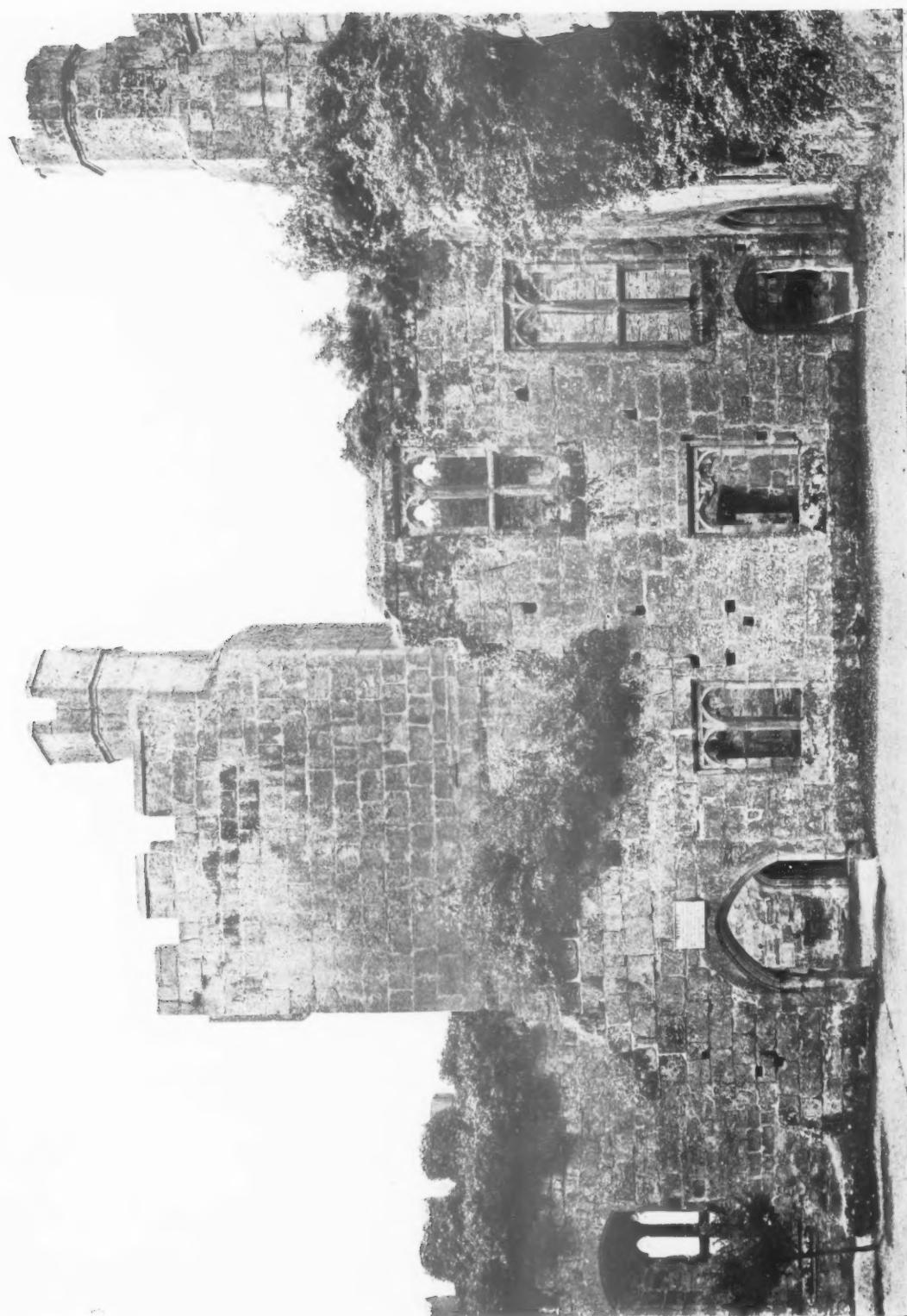
INTERIOR OF NORTH-EAST ANGLE
AND CHAPEL WINDOW.



INTERIOR VIEW OF NORTH ELEVATION
ON EAST OF ENTRANCE GATEWAY.



INTERIOR VIEW OF EAST
ELEVATION.



October 1919.

BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX: SOUTH SIDE OF COURTYARD.

Plate IV.

2000
1998
1996
1994



KITCHEN FIREPLACE AND OVEN.

Entering the castle by the north gateway, one cannot fail to be struck by the ruinous state of the interior walls, by comparison with the towers and curtain walls. There is no doubt the castle was used as a quarry by anyone in the neighbourhood who required building stone; and the growth of trees, and especially ivy, upon and in the walls, is still doing serious damage.* Much foolish sentiment has sprung up in the popular

* Steps have now been taken to destroy the ivy, the main stems of which have been cut.

imagination respecting ivy, which has been described as "clinging to the ruin" as though, in some way, it were a faithful friend in adversity. This idea is far from the truth. Ivy is really the great enemy of trees and of buildings. The former it strangles in its murderous embrace, the walls of the latter it splits in twain. Ivy may be useful to hide a galvanized iron shed or to cover a badly designed cottage, but it is only a mischievous parasite when grown on ancient buildings or upon modern structures having the slightest architectural character.

As has been already mentioned, Bodiam Castle is one of the latest of the mediæval type. It is not, however, decadent in the character of its details as a fortification. The parapets and machicolations are really built for use, not for show. It bears evidences, however, of the fact that it was completed in the fifteenth, not in the eleventh century. One marked feature of this kind is the provision (in practically every chamber) of fireplaces furnished with chimneys, the shafts and crenellated caps of which remain on towers and walls. Such luxuries were almost unknown in earlier castles, and mark the progress of ideas as to necessary comforts, which were still further developed in the manor-houses succeeding these castles as dwellings of great folk. The fireplaces were lined with thin roofing tiles laid flat just as they are used to-day. The middle illustration of the lower set on page 84 shows the parlour and solar fireplaces, both with chamfered lintels and jambs, while the lintel of the latter is furnished with the crenellated moulding so characteristic of the period in which it was extensively employed both on stone and wood-work. One wonders whether these fires smoked. The chimneys rising only half-way up the tower and placed close to it look as if they would catch that downward lop from the higher



NORTH ENTRANCE GATEWAY FROM COURTYARD.

building which is so difficult to remedy. Plate IV shows the south side of the courtyard, the doorway to the great hall entry (which, as usual, faced the principal entrance on the opposite side of the courtyard), the four-light transomed window of that hall, and the two- and four-light windows of the kitchen and offices, all having cusped heads. The illustration on p. 84 shows the three openings giving access from the hall to kitchen, buttery, and pantry. The great fireplace of the kitchen with oven on its left is shown on p. 85. Farther round, on the west side of the courtyard, are chambers furnished with large fireplaces which served for the accommodation of the garrison.

The interest of ancient castles is often more archaeological and picturesque than architectural, but Bodiam is a valuable architectural document. Lord Curzon has already commenced work in connexion with the necessary repairs to the foundation walls, and the removal of mud from the moat may bring to light objects of interest. He has intimated through the Press that it is his intention to devote the castle and its immediate surroundings to public use, so Bodiam will escape the degradation, suffered by other ancient castles, of being adapted and converted into a modern dwelling. Such conversion, however expensively and "tastefully" carried out, is unsatisfactory. If carried out by skilfully imitating old forms and old work,

it is a forgery; and, if extensive becomes so assertive as to overpower the old work and sometimes become so mixed up with the latter as to be difficult to distinguish from it. The result is that the student who comes to examine with a view to learning what were the methods of the period is either unable to obtain the information he seeks or is misled by the lie which has been woven into the ancient record. The objection applies particularly to the rebuilding of such castles as Bodiam, and does not hold good respecting later buildings, which were primarily dwellings and which have been altered and added to for centuries. There are right and wrong ways of treating these, but there is no right way of similarly "restoring" a castle in the state of Bodiam. The plan of such buildings does not lend itself to additions. To attempt the task is certainly to spoil a valuable and an interesting public asset, which should be allowed to remain as it is, save for absolutely necessary repairs. Bodiam, as we have said, is to be repaired, not "restored." So let it stand—grim, massive, and strong, a monument of feudal oppression and of the enduring nature of mediæval workmanship—looking across the valley of the Rother, over the dock where ships once lay out of the stream to discharge or load their cargoes, and beyond the tilting ground, which is still level and almost as smooth as when it was in use 500 years ago.

THE COSTESSEY COLLECTION OF STAINED GLASS.

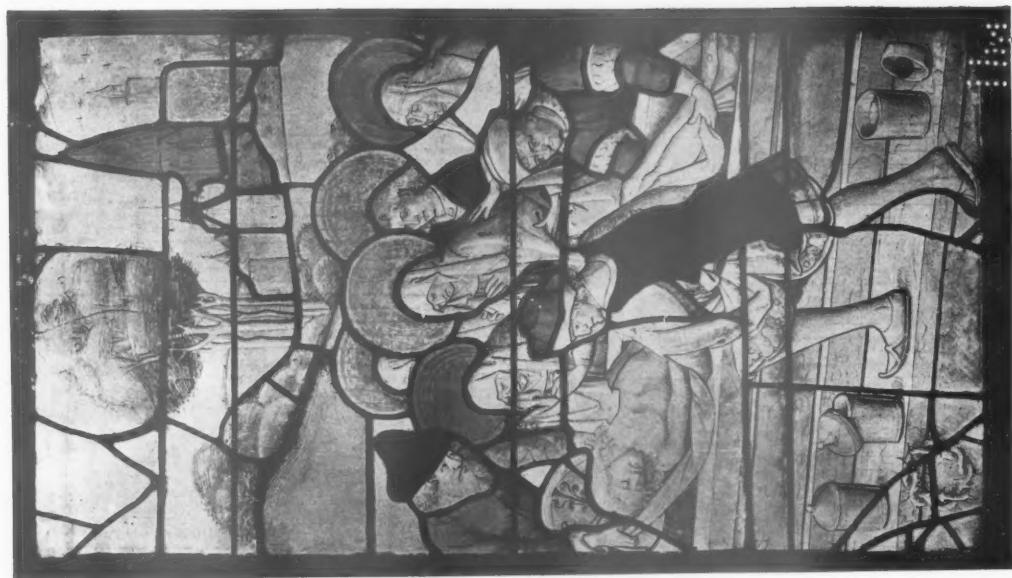
By MAURICE DRAKE.

THE extraordinary collection of stained glass made by Lord Stafford towards the close of the eighteenth century, and recently acquired by Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, of Kensington, has been for a hundred and twenty years concealed from public observation in the chapel specially built for its reception and attached to the seat of the Jernyngham family, Costessey Hall, in Norfolk. The chapel contained twenty windows, single lancets around the apse, two-light windows in the north and south walls of the building, and one three-light window, divided into six compartments by a transom, in the west end. All these windows were completely filled by the mediæval glass comprising the collection, making in all thirty-seven lights. But many, and indeed most, of these lights were divided into two or three subjects, so that the collection actually consisted of eighty-four subject panels. Some of these have been found to belong to others as parts of the same original window, and are now reassembled to make such windows complete; but even so the collection is catalogued as containing no fewer than seventy-nine different compositions. Even Fairford can show no more windows, and Fairford cannot vie with the quality of most of this Costessey glass.

In point of time the windows range from the earliest years of the thirteenth century to the end of the sixteenth. Of the earlier date is a superb Jesse window of seven medallions, together with a portrait of the donor—probably one of the earliest secular stained-glass portraits in existence. In the bottom subject of the window Jesse lies upon a couch, the Vine issuing from his side to climb up the lights in the usual manner; but there the resemblance to the traditional Jesse window ends. Instead of a row of kings and prophets and patriarchs leading up the window to the figures of Our Lady and Her Son at the summit, the Vine divides to form a circular medallion in each panel, and each medallion contains a subject from the Life of

Our Lord. Above each subject on either hand are tiny figures of prophets issuing from the surrounding foliage, each bearing a scroll with his prophecy. Something of the kind has been done at St. Cunibert's Church at Cologne, and in the Elizabethkirche at Marburg, but the arrangement is as rare as in this instance it is delicate in execution. The lights are but fourteen inches wide, the Vine quite substantial enough to bear its burden, and the subject medallions, one of which contains no fewer than fourteen figures, are consequently only twelve inches across. I know no work of the period of such extraordinary delicacy and minuteness. The donor, too, is unique—a Royal little lady, with her name and title above her head: "Beatrix Valrenburghi Regina Allemannie." She kneels on a pavement of red tiles, her hands together in prayer. Her robe is of broadly striped stuff, ruby and sable, doubtless in allusion to her heraldic bearings, and around her against a background of deep blue are tiny yellow plaques, each charged with a black Imperial eagle. So tiny are all these accessories that they suggest a miniature Swiss window of the sixteenth century rather than work executed three hundred years before.

Another early panel, probably of the same date or thereabouts, is French, most likely from the district of the Beauce. It is the more interesting because it forms a part—to be exact, one quarter—of the fine medallion window at the west end of the stained-glass gallery in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. It contains the upper half of a quatrefoil medallion in which are two figures, boldly drawn and coloured after the manner of the period. One stands before a shrine, to which the other makes an offering from the herd of beasts huddling behind him. The colouring is unusually fine even for the Beauce at this its best period. For Chartres is in the centre of the district, and this panel may well be by a hand that worked upon the Chartres windows.



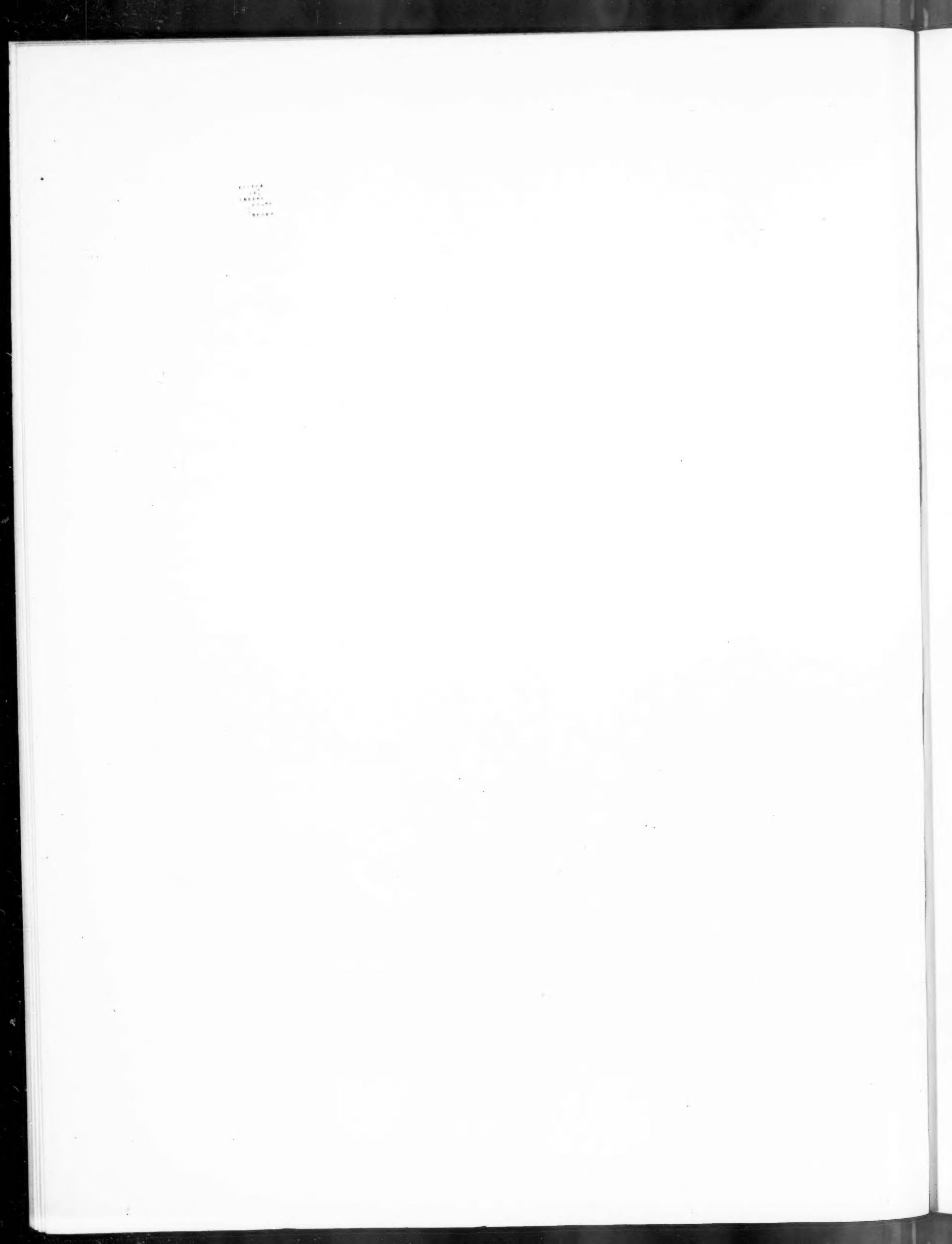
October 1919.
5.—EMBALMING (OR ENTOMBMENT).



6.—ORDEAL BY FIRE.



Plate V.
4.—CONCEPTION OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.



Of fourteenth-century glass there is a fine figure of Our Lady. Small for the period, as are the Jesse medallions, it is, like them, of exquisitely delicate execution. Three other panels from the Passion of Our Lord, painted at the very end of the century—if, indeed, they be not fifteenth-century work—are also very fine. The Christ before the High Priest, and the Descent from the Cross, are exceptional things. We have nothing like them in England, unless it be hidden away in such another private collection. Our native glass-painters were incapable of such work before the end of the fifteenth century. The Sermon on the Mount, probably part of the same series illustrating the Passion, is another panel to be seen. So is the Slaying of the Amalekites in the battle of Rephidim. So are the Bribing of Judas and the Flagellation, forming parts of another Passion series. So is the charming naïveté of the Dedication of the Infant Samuel, with its quaint inscription in syncopated Latin.

But fine as are the fourteenth-century windows, they are few in number compared with the magnificent series which date from the century following. This preponderance of fifteenth-century work seems to indicate that the collection was made in North France and Flanders, districts noticeably deficient in fourteenth-century glass. This deficiency is probably due to the disturbed state of the country at this period. Crécy and Poictiers, without the Jacquerie and the plague, would have been enough to stem the output of French glass; under the four afflictions it languished and nearly died. There is a corresponding increase in the number of windows executed in England after the middle of the century—windows showing extraordinary developments both in technique and design. Probably many French glass-painters were driven across the

Channel by the accumulation of disasters in their native land, and to their immigration may be ascribed the improvement both in quantity and quality of our English windows.

The most remarkable feature of the fifteenth-century glass in the collection is the uniformity of its treatment. It contains panel after panel of approximately the same size, and so harmonious are they in treatment that they seem to have been almost all painted by the same hand. They are designed somewhat after the Troyes tradition: nearly square subjects with little or no canopy work, the subject-matter filling the whole panel. As with the earlier glass, many of them form series—the real “storied window.” Of these are the Via Dolorosa, the Sepulture, and the Nailing of our Lord to the Cross. The first and last-named of these occur twice in the collection, in the second instance associated with a fine Crucifixion and the Feast of Pentecost. One of these two subjects, of the Via Dolorosa, is shown in Illustration 1. Another subject forming part of a like series is the very fine Nativity also reproduced herewith (Illustration 2), and finer than either is the companion piece, the Flight into Egypt—a masterly thing (Illustration 3, page 88).

As though to compensate for the absence of the usual canopy work, many of the subjects have remarkable architectural backgrounds. One of these, combined in this case with one of the infrequent canopies, is shown in Illustration 4, Plate V. The subject is obscure, but may well be the meeting of the parents of St. John the Baptist. The architecture occupies a large proportion of the background, and is of rich character. More architecture, set in a distant landscape, is shown in Illustration 5, Plate V, the Embalming of Our Lord’s Body.

Of single panels there is a wonderful Assumption of Our Lady, probably from the border provinces of France and



1.—VIA DOLOROSA.

N 2



2.—ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Flanders. It might be by a pupil of Holbein, its power and restraint are so marked, were it not that it was painted before Holbein's day. Indeed, it has points of similarity to the younger Holbein's Virgin at Lucerne, with which it ranks easily in dignified simplicity of treatment. Another exquisite figure is that of St. Anne, with the Blessed Virgin beside her, holding Our Lord in her arms. Yet another votive panel, the finest in the collection, is that with which St. Bernard and his father and mother, St. Tesselin and St. Aleidis. This is master-work in every sense, in design as well as execution; and the collection contains two more panels by the same hand, those numbered 9 and 10 in the catalogue. They show a donor and his wife and children with their patron saints, on one side SS. Clement and Peter, and on the other SS. Acacius of Miletus and St. Anne.

But the showpiece of the collection, apart from the Jesse window, is the extraordinary five-light window illustrating the Life of St. John the Evangelist. Three of the lights occupied the upper part of the west window in the chapel at Costessey, the other two being separated from them and fixed in other windows. They have now been reassembled, and form a unique example of the best work done by French artists at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries.

This window may as well be late fifteenth-century work as early sixteenth, though the catalogue ascribes to it the later date. It shows no trace of enamel, even in the fleshwork, and one looks for some such small touches, generally about the eyes and lips, from the first years of the sixteenth century. Matt, too, is reduced to a minimum, some passages in the window, notably the flames and cauldron in the light illustrated—the Ordeal of St. John by Fire (Illustration 6, Plate V)—being almost clear glass, and this, too, seems in accord with the purity and transparency of treatment one associates with the fifteenth century. But the drawing and composition of the window are so masterly, and there is such a breadth of treatment about it, that one hesitates to ascribe it to any period but that when stained glass in these respects was at its best.

The left-hand light contains the Legend of the Pebbles turned to gold. There is a landscape background with grey sky, after the manner of the windows at St. Vincent at Rouen, with white and pink distant architecture. St. John, in a purple cloak and holding a book, is addressing the suppliants in the foreground, two of whom kneel at his feet.

The left-hand light of the centre triptych is in Illustration 6, Plate V. St. John, nude, is seated in a cauldron over a huge fire, the background again being of white, pink, and ruby architecture against a blue-grey sky. One of the torturers pours boiling oil over the saint with a long-handled scoop, whilst another holds his hand before his face to screen it from the blazing heat. The judges are in the background, and another executioner, whose figure is somewhat confused with that of the kneeling donor in the base of the light, blows at the fire with a pair of bellows.

The donor of the window wears grey armour and a white surcoat barred with red. He kneels upon a ruby cushion at a table covered with a purple cloth, the whole composition of the light thus being in a key of red and purple. The cauldron is purple, the flames beneath it of fiery ruby glass. The heraldic bearings on the donor's surcoat are ruby. The slashed hose of the executioner with the scoop are reddish purple. The man shading his face has a purple robe relieved only by green sleeves, and one of the judges is in red with a purple head-dress. The man blowing the fire has a purple slashed robe, and even the donor's sword scabbard is purple. It takes a master to handle a colour scheme like that successfully, and the painter of this window has succeeded. There is no heaviness, no trace of monotony about the composition.

The centre light shows St. John at Patmos writing his Revelation. Again the background is a landscape, this time a fine cool thing, an expanse of greys and greens, with water and wooded islands and distant towers among the trees. From the midst of a sun-ray bursting from the cloudy sky an angel lets fall a book towards the seated saint

below. Another book is in his lap; and at his side an eagle, his emblem, holds his inkhorn and pencase in its beak. In the base of this light are two of the donor's sons, habited like himself in grey armour and white and ruby barred surcoats. Their mother and sisters occupy the base of the right-hand centre light adjoining. The elder lady wears a yellow robe, a cape of ermine, and a small black coif. Her four daughters are dressed like her, but with more purple and ruby gowns instead of yellow. Above them, as the subject of the light, is the legendary miracle of the raising to life of Drusiana. The background is again of landscape, with green trees and more of the Rouen type of pink and white architecture. The funeral procession issues from a door in one



3.—THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

of the foremost buildings, the cloaked and hooded bearers a huddle of purple and deep blue. St. John stands in the foreground holding up his hand, and in obedience to the summons the dead woman in white graveclothes stands erect upon her bier.

Finally, in the right-hand light, the subject appears to be that attempt to poison St. John which caused the death of the would-be assassin. A priest with mitre-shaped head-dress and sceptre stands by the saint, and another figure is at their side. Before the little group a kneeling figure is falling backwards. The background again is another landscape with fine pink and white architecture.

Here again is another mass of red and purple. St. John has a purple under-robe, the mitred figure at his side is in ruby and blue, and the figure beside them has white and ruby robes and a ruby head-dress. The dying assassin has a pink girdle and red hose, the girdle being of the same pink as the mass of architecture in the background. It is difficult to exaggerate the triumphant effect of all these crimsons. Every glass-painter knows the difficulties presented by that valiant red glass still called by its mediaeval name "ruby." A mere touch of it badly placed in a window may be disastrous. It may kill everything near it, making green grey, turning blue to slate or making it shout rawly, and turning all other tones of red from wine to mud. To its excessive use a great part of the disastrous glass done in the early nineteenth century owes its rawness, and sometimes even our best modern glass-painters dare not use it without subduing its latent garishness with a coat of matt. Yet this man loads his window with it, blending it wonderfully with pinks and purples, toning down nothing, and leaving the whole daring scheme almost untouched with paint. And it is soft and rich and entirely successful, easily bearing even the contrast with the cool mass of green and grey which fills the centre light, St. John at Patmos.

The collection is unusually rich in portraits of donors, nearly all of whom are accompanied by their patron saints. Two portraits are of ecclesiastics in vestments, one a Dominican and the other a bishop or prior. Each displays his coat of arms and kneels before a dossal, on either side of which are more delightful touches of distant grey landscape. Two others show a donor and his wife kneeling, with SS. Gebhard and Quirinus standing behind them. All four figures are nearly

life-size, and St. Quirinus, with crimson shield and banner charged with besants, is a fine figure. So is St. George, patron of the donor and his wife, in another panel. He stands behind them in white and gold armour, holding a banner charged with the cross. A ruby cross is on his breast, and he wears a golden salade of unusual shape. A companion panel, also with a donor in armour and his wife, has St. Peter as patron.

There are more subject panels resembling the Troyes work in the sixteenth-century section: a Sepulture, a Presentation in the Temple, and others of the Circumcision and the Marriage at Cana in Galilee being remarkable for their clear colour and simplicity of treatment. One fine piece, boldly executed on the scale of the St. Bernard masterpiece, is that containing St. Cornelius of Civita Vecchia standing behind another donor, a bishop kneeling at a prie-dieu, both figures being nearly life-size. Two lights of another Jesse window belong to this period, the figures of prophets, kings, and patriarchs issuing from an elaborately foliated Vine in white and gold. A large Annunciation, all in grisaille treatment on white glass, with no colour but yellow, is after the manner of the windows in the church of St. Pantaleon, at Troyes. Two quaint but decorative panels are tracery fleurons from a French flamboyant window illustrating the Triumph of Death. In the cusped head of each opening is a skull and crossbones, and below them in the one panel are emblems of spiritual power—mitre and tiara, double and triple crosses and a cardinal's hat, a crosier and a book, all inverted and falling through a space of clear cool blue. The other panel is exactly like the last, save that the emblems are secular instead of ecclesiastical: a helmet, coronets, a crowned mitre, and a cap of maintenance, with sceptre, sword, lance, and even mattock and spade.

Most of the glass in the collection is Flemish—from East Flanders near the Rhine provinces. Next in quantity come the French windows, and there are a few examples of English, German, and Italian work. It has an added interest in that Dr. Husenbeth, formerly Rector of Costessey, repeatedly made use of the collection for purposes of reference when collating his "Emblems of Saints," and its intrinsic value alone makes a change of ownership of such a quantity of stained glass—and glass of such extraordinary merit—a matter which deserves to be placed on record.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

ALTHOUGH the interest in Devonshire House is mainly historical, regret at its prospective disappearance is not based solely on this consideration. Sentiment clings tenaciously also to aura and penumbra of the house and its spacious garden grounds. Hereafter we shall see in vision only the sedate old house with its mellow brickwork; but the Adam fireplaces, the opulent picture-gallery, and the fine library, are to remain in being, although possibly they may be scattered and dispersed. Most of these treasures will presumably go to Chatsworth—which mansion, by the way, was projected at Devonshire House.

So familiar, so impressive, is Devonshire House, that it gives character to its environment: thus reversing the process of evolution as it affects vital organisms. Its spirit will surely haunt us for as long as our own is imprisoned in "this muddy vesture of decay." Piccadilly will become uniformly modern when the familiar house is razed and its gracious gardens

are built on; and even the Green Park over the way will seem to suffer a grievous curtailment; for the green lands behind Devonshire House, with their miniature forest of trees that have a town-bred look, resume the theme that the Green Park dropped when some prehistoric fieldpath broadened, like freedom, "slowly down from precedent to precedent" until it became at last a main travelled road, a coaching road withal, and was given the name of Piccadilly. Why it was so called no man knoweth, although many men pretend they know, deeming that a reputation for curious learning may thereby be fortified. Those persons who have imbibed, to the lessening of sobriety, the strange taste for canvassing unaccredited etymologies may take their choice of "pickadils" or "peccadillos"—the diversified name of a stiff collar or ruff worn by gallants, and conjectured to derive its name from "picca," a spearhead, because of the bristling points of the ruff; or it is permissible to prefer Blount's supposition

(in his "Glossographia") that the name comes from a sort of cakes called "piccadillas," which were sold in the district. But it is no great matter how the name was derived, nor how variously it was spelt until the General Post Office swept away liberty by insisting on uniformity, trimming the name to its present shape to fit the bed of Procrustes. There it is, and by the demolition of Devonshire House it is like to lose its savour.

Of the building itself, the best that can be said is that it is not altogether bad. Its architect, William Kent, greatly overpraised in his own day, is—perhaps by revulsion, the backward swing of the pendulum—rather underrated in ours. But one of his qualities commands our admiration and excites our surprise. Or perhaps it were better to bestow our admiration on the arbiters of taste who encouraged him in the reticence of his elevations, which is the quality that strikes us most. Strange as it may seem at first blush that in the "Age of Elegance" the elevations should have been kept so plain, yet the explanation becomes obvious after a moment's reflection. What is "elegance" (the etymological habit is infectious!) but election, or selection?—politeness encouraging the inference that the choice and election shall be a steady display of instinctive or acquired taste, a preference for what is good, and the rejection of that which is less commendable in the eyes of the trained observer. Now, howsoever decorative Beau Brocade and the ladies of St. James's may have been in the clothing of their fastidious persons, your "man of taste" and your "lady of quality" had a nice sense of measure, proportion, and fitness,

and this sense is as strongly manifested in their shapely and well-proportioned house fronts as it is in their Adam interiors, with furniture of unapproachably exquisite shapes and delicate embellishments. Any excess was regarded then, even more stringently than now, as abhorrent. Hence the almost ostentatious plainness of the front of Devonshire House is typical of the spirit of its time; and this is the chief reason why we shall regret its demolition. Devonshire House is documentary, rather than racy, of its very interesting period, and it arose almost at the beginning, and will fall almost at the end, of a phase of aristocratic building that has finished its course. We cannot agree with J. H. Jesse, therefore, in his depreciation that, "except during the brief period when the beautiful Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire held her court within its walls, and when Fox, Burke, Wyndham, Fitzpatrick, and Sheridan did homage at her feet, little interest attaches to the present edifice." We hope to have shown cause why Jesse's rod should have been spared.

A few data may be recalled. Devonshire House stands on or near the site of Berkeley House, between Berkeley Street and Stratton Street, which both commemorate Lord Berkeley of Stratton, who was an able officer in the army of Charles the First, and whose name abides also in Berkeley Square, which, one could wish, Thackeray had never vulgarized so contemptibly in the person of Jeames Yellowplush. Berkeley House was burnt down in October 1733, soon after it had come into the hands of William, first Duke of Devonshire. The present building was finished about the year 1737, and cost about £20,000, Kent



Photo Topical

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON: THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

getting a thousand pounds for his fee. Originally, the entrance to the house was by means of an external staircase leading to the reception-rooms on the first floor; and when this inconvenient arrangement was discarded, and an entrance on the ground level was provided, a grandiose interior staircase of marble and alabaster was substituted.

John Evelyn's association with this estate is a rather hackneyed item of interest, but it is only just to his memory to repeat it here, since it reveals him in the pleasant cross-lights of nature lover and town planner. In his diary, under date June 1684, Evelyn writes: "I went to advise and give directions about building two streets in Berkeley Gardens, reserving the house and as much of the garden as the breadth of the house. In the meantime I could not but deplore that that sweet place (by far the most noble gardens, courts, and accommodations, stately porticos, etc., anywhere about town) should be so much straitened and turned into tenements. But that magnificent pile and gardens contiguous to it, built by the late Lord Chancellor



Photo: J. Russell and Sons.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE: ELEVATION.

William Kent, Architect. (Portico added by Smirke.)

Clarendon, being all demolished and designed for piazzas and buildings, was some excuse for my Lady Berkeley's resolution of letting out her gardens, also for so excessive a price as was offered, advancing near £1,000 per annum in mere ground-rents; to such a mad intemperance was the age come of building about a city by far too disproportionate already to the nation. I have in my time seen it almost as large again as it was within my memory."

PROFESSOR ADSHEAD ON COTTAGE BUILDING.

IN the forty-second annual report of the Committee of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings there is printed a paper read by Professor S. D. Adshead, F.R.I.B.A., at the annual general meeting of the Society.

"He who can carelessly destroy the works of those who have long since ceased to toil is," said Professor Adshead, "surely lacking in a sense of reverence and respect. Perhaps nothing in the world is so reminiscent of the toils and pleasures of those who have passed away as the village, for it connects the past with the present in a peculiar way. It is in the village that we see the works of our forefathers still being carried on. But," he said, "a modern working-class suburb—the village of a modern industrial community—of the type that typifies British progress in house-building during the last century, is a village of terraces, oblivious to any natural conditions of site, cut to lengths, standardized, and having no connexion whatever with things sentimental, natural, human, or spiritual. Not content with solid walls and simple square windows, like their ancestors, the occupants of these modern cubicles must needs aspire to windows that are usually decorated with carved columns, or perhaps there will be a brick bay. There is probably a hunchback half-timbered gable, and a sham timbered porch to the door. The garden—a five-foot strip of soot-stained turf, or, more often, gravel, asphalte, or bare clay—is protected by a wall of crimson brick, adamant in its defence, in appearance being even somewhat terrible. Its cast-iron railing is let into a splayed stone coping that is cut with an accuracy in keeping with the machine-made methods that pervade everything around."

After describing, tersely and graphically the village of Saxon times, Professor Adshead declared "that many of the old Saxon methods and features of village existence, quite common in the villages of the early half of last century, are still as vital to-day as ever they were, and it is for us to see that in the period of transition many of them are re-discovered and re-established. Groups of small-holdings should be established in close connexion with common-lands. There should still be cow-commons, goose-greens, and poultry-runs for the cottagers who have only a bit of garden ground."

"There is a very strong tendency in modern life and thought to revert to a national system of town decentralization and the establishment and building up of a number of independent nuclei. During last century, interest was centred on increasing the size of towns; to-day, interest in towns seems to be entirely devoted to schemes for their diminution.

"We have learned much during the war—we have seen the folly of crushing the individual and reducing life to a cast-iron organization. In our building operations to-day we have practically no by-laws—the old nine-foot ceiling in the country, and the fire-resisting party parapet-wall, are to mar the country and to memorialize our stupidity no more.

"What then is to be the solution of a problem that is now confronting the local authorities and their officials all over the land?—the problem of how to add fifty cottages to a village at present containing a hundred, or how to add six where to-day there are twenty. These are problems with which we are being met on every hand.

"For my part, where I have fifty new cottages to add, I shall choose a site in close connexion with, but not forming part of, the old village. This, to my mind, is sacred; having escaped the depredations of last century, it is yet an unapproachable example for the future and must be preserved. Every cottage in rural England that is fifty years old and more is a priceless national possession, to be carefully restored and kept. And, just as is every such cottage, so is every such village; and it would be a vandalism of the worst kind to attempt to improve and increase the size of our old villages by systems of adding isolated blocks, intruding here and defacing an old picture there. No; our policy should be to create new villages entirely separate, but in close connexion with old villages if you like. There was once talk of old cottages being insanitary, unsuited to modern existence, and needing pulling down. That sort of modern existence has, I am pleased to see, been found unsuited to continued existence itself, and there is everywhere a tendency to revert to the more interesting conditions of the former.

"Finally, I would like to enforce this one point: In the English towns, as we find them to-day, and the English villages, taking them all together, what is there worth preserving? Take Manchester, for instance: How much of Manchester is worth preserving? It is on the old villages, charming the eye and satisfying the mind, that the future of English society, at any rate in rural districts, must be modelled. The suburbs of Manchester are not worth having; they will be pulled down in the next twenty years; they are ugly and uninteresting. The more we realize this, the more we shall appreciate old villages. We are only just beginning to appreciate these old villages, and I hope that we are just beginning to cease to pull them down. Just now is a most critical period in the development of England. Within the next six months it will be decided whether these rural cottages are going to be done away with. I do hope that, if I can do anything in this direction, it will tend to the preservation of the most beautiful of our English villages. It is a matter of building new villages apart from the existing villages. Just as Brighton and Hastings are not extensions or enlargements of the old fishing villages, so let the modern villages be built adjacent to, but not in extension of, the present old villages. Just as these old fishing villages have no connexion with the new fashionable Brighton or the new fashionable Hastings, so let the new English villages be built so as not to spoil or interfere with the old villages."

A very hearty vote of thanks to Professor Adshead for his able and interesting lecture was proposed by Mr. Edward Warren and seconded by Miss Morris.

In proposing the vote of thanks, Mr. Warren said that the questions which the Professor had dealt with so fully, that of the provision of new cottages, which is necessarily so much in the air at the moment, and that of the preservation of the old ones, were of vital importance just now, because there is a tide of enthusiasm for rehousing and reconstructing the life of the country, to provide, in the first place—and very naturally so—for the soldiers and their families, and also for reconstructing the rural life of the country on the lines of health and hope for the future. He did not consider that the conditions which the working class of this country had been obliged to accept were

the conditions that the people of a rich country like this should be called upon to accept. During the war he had seen cottages and villages in France, Belgium, and Mesopotamia which were little more than heaps of stones; village after village despoiled by the enemy till there was not a wall left standing. But we in England had not suffered at the hand of the enemy; the despoliation of our English villages had been the work of the modern builder and repairer. He called to mind a speech made some twenty-five years ago by Mr. William Morris, when addressing a group of young architects, in which Mr. Morris said that at one time any village could boast of a decent little chap who knew something of building, who could put up a decent little home for a decent little man to live in, but now it takes a highly skilled architect to draw up plans and arrange the technicalities. This is all wrong; it should not require the work of a highly instructed person. It is perfectly absurd that a cottage can only be erected now with the goodwill of the surveyor and of various authorities with plans, etc., which a village builder is bound to follow. He agreed that some old cottages were undoubtedly insanitary; but in most cases, with a little care and judgment, it is quite possible to put them into good condition and to make them perfectly habitable.

STAIRCASE, WHEATLEY HALL, DONCASTER.

THE Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings calls attention, in its forty-second annual report, to the precarious position of Wheatley Hall, Doncaster, which had been taken over temporarily by the War Office, and now has an uncertain future. It had been hoped that the Doncaster Town Council would secure it for use as a library and an institute; but apparently it has not been scheduled for this use. Doncaster ought to include it in any town-development scheme that may be in contemplation there. The interesting old staircase here shown (by courtesy of the Society) suggests the probability that the Hall contains other treasures equally well worth preserving. There is also an indication that the panelling of the rooms is of considerable interest.



THE STAIRCASE, WHEATLEY HALL, DONCASTER.

(From the Annual Report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.)

WAR MEMORIALS: SUGGESTIONS FROM THE PAST.

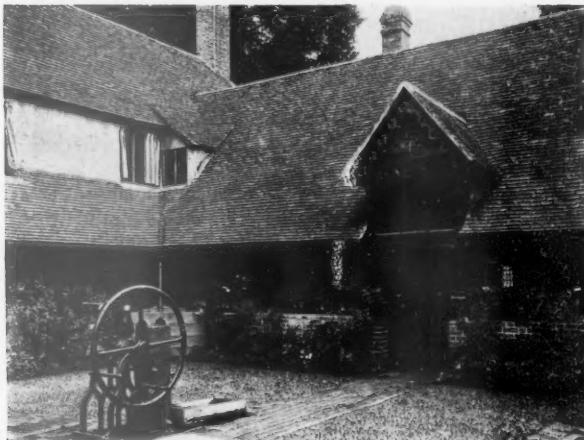
IV.—Almshouses.

By WALTER H. GODFREY, F.S.A.

IN my last article I put forward a plea for the market cross as a beautiful and effective model for a village memorial in England, and the main burden of my argument was that such a structure formed a natural pivot to the quiet rural life of the place, and was easily inscribed and adorned with the names and insignia of those who had given themselves so freely for their fellows. I set up this example with the idea of countering the oft-heard suggestions for a "useful" memorial, believing that the utilitarian motive undermined and destroyed the significance which attaches to a shapely temple or shrine, dedicated simply to our common memory and gratitude. But the remark of a friend—a gifted sculptor—who taxed me with my neglect of the memorial as a pure and simple monument made me sensible of the fact that my position was really midway between the man who condemns all memorials as useless, and the idealist to whom art is a thing of fancy, a plant formed and flowering in an atmosphere of abstract beauty. From my friend's point of view I was in bonds and chained to the car of utility because I

had chosen a form which in the past had possessed a real function in our village life.

No one who wishes to see the standard of art raised higher in England would move a finger or say a word to discourage those who would mount to the loftiest heights of fancy. But it would be the greatest unwise to think that we were all appalled for so ambitious a journey. Dædalus may fashion superb wings for himself and his son and may attain his goal in safety, but Icarus flinches under the sun's rays and falls to destruction. There are few who can approach and handle the problem of the abstract memorial with even a chance of success, and even these will have a limited circle of admirers who are competent to know its value. On the other hand, there are many forms, developed in the main because they were once objects of common use and worship, which are susceptible of beautiful treatment and are "understood of the people." A little acquaintance with the old usages and ancient buildings of England, a little taste and skill, and a singleness of purpose, are all that is required to adapt the village cross to a charming memorial, and the fact that it had a useful function in the past does not detract from the qualities that have become added to it. Functional things, indeed, have acquired a beauty which is worth perpetuating, apart altogether from the rôle they were originally intended to play; it may even be said that many of our ideas of proportion, symmetry, and grace have been developed from objects of common use, upon which man has cast a garment



EWELME CHURCH AND ALMSHOUSES, NEAR WALLINGFORD, BERKS.

(Photographs reproduced by permission of the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

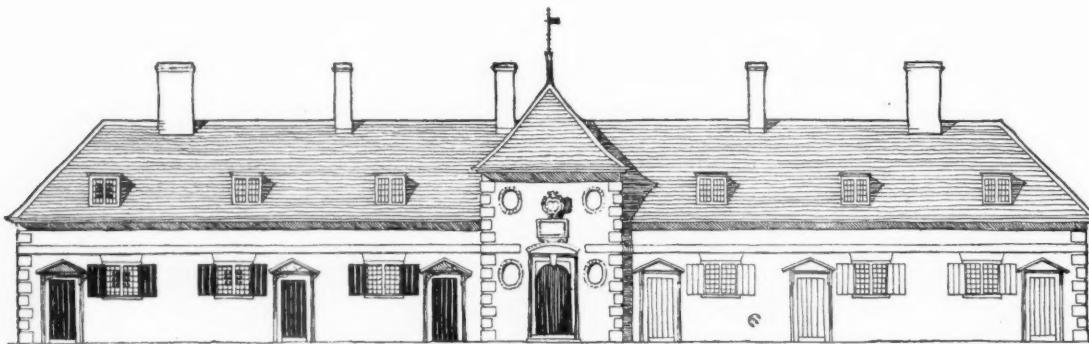
MEMORIAL ALMSHOUSES.

of shapeliness, and that although beauty is gained only after much earnest endeavour, she reveals herself more readily in the wrought and woven apparel of our lives than in the creations of abstract thought and art. In many a useful thing beauty has been the aim, the object being only the means to this end; utility as an ingredient is harmless: it is only baneful when it appropriates the whole and shuts out art from any part or lot in our councils.

On the present occasion our subject shares with its attractiveness an even greater proportion of potential usefulness. A few months ago Mr. Mervyn Macartney contributed three articles to this REVIEW on almshouses as War memorials,

benefit his town and neighbourhood. We have only to recall a few of the almshouses which adorn every English shire to realize on how many counts they fulfil the functions of the memorial—their signal beauty, their instant appeal to the passer-by, their beneficent purpose, and their function, so effectively performed, of holding and proclaiming the memory of their founders. But before we examine these matters a little more closely we must face a certain amount of prejudice, which, unreasonable though we believe it to be, is nevertheless sufficient to militate against the general revival of an ancient national custom.

First of all we are up against an old friend in the argument



COLFE'S ALMSHOUSES, LEWISHAM : ELEVATION.

urging the striking suitability of these beautiful buildings and their endowments for the treble purpose of a monument to the War, a memorial of the fallen, and provision for those who had been disabled on the field. It requires no apology to return to this theme and to reinforce the arguments for the revival of an ancient and beneficent practice which has dowered our land with so much beauty and aided the unfortunate of every generation of Englishmen. When, last month, I deprecated the notion that a memorial should necessarily be of a useful character, I excepted such as were raised by private individuals, since the man who would devote his money as a mark of gratitude for the deliverance of the land from a great peril could clearly effect his object best by a foundation which should

that these institutions are not in harmony with modern conditions. Yet in these days of housing schemes who will say that a group of well-designed cottages, with a fund for their maintenance, is anything but a blessing to the countryside? Again, it is urged that the inmates are dependent on charity and that this is not to be borne by the independent spirit of to-day. It is doubtful whether this argument has the slightest validity at a time when State aid is being so generally expected and received. Private institutions, once they have been properly incorporated, become practically the nation's property, are administered or overlooked by State commissioners, and are a definite part of the nation's resources and economy. This, too, prevents the abuses which used not infrequently to creep into institutions



COLFE'S ALMSHOUSES, LEWISHAM : PERSPECTIVE.



Photo: G. H. Lovegrove
MORDEN COLLEGE, BLACKHEATH.

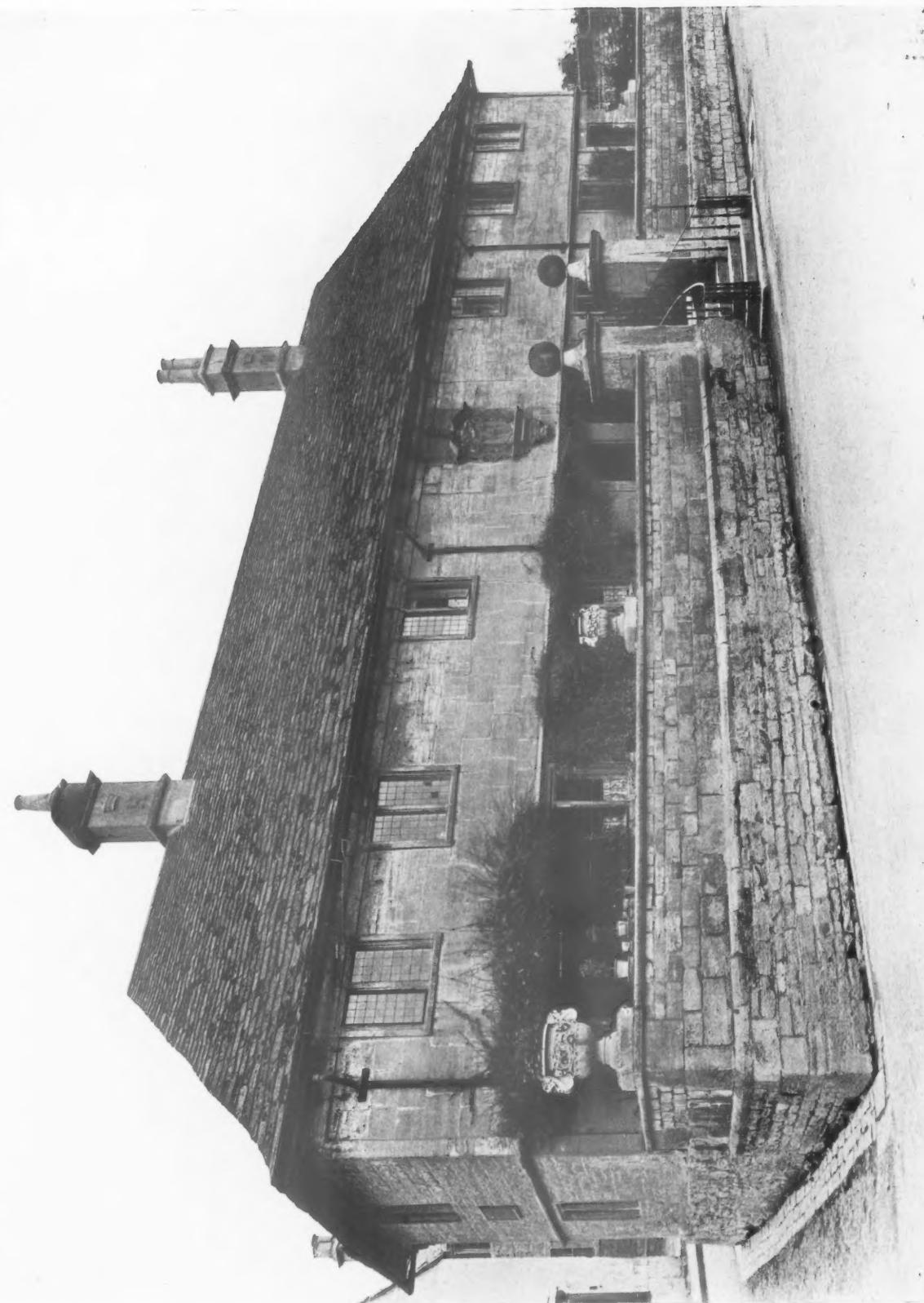


Plate VI.

HALL'S ALMSHOUSES, BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

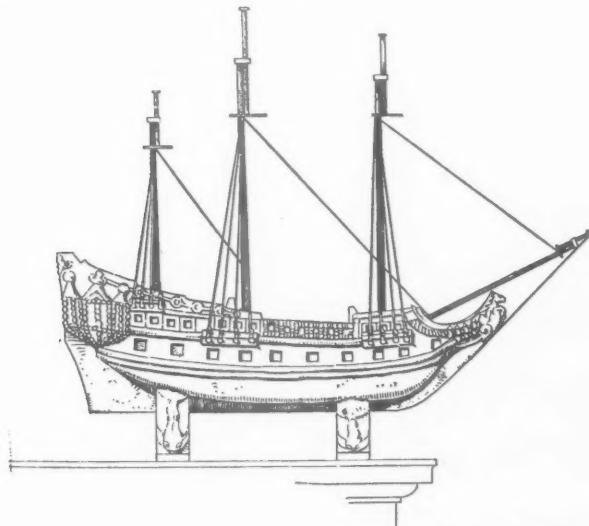
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COLFE'S ALMSHOUSES, LEWISHAM: ARMS AND INSCRIPTION.

which were retained under private control. But perhaps the chief argument against the almshouse is the objection which some of the pensioners feel to living in community with others. Some prefer a cottage by themselves, where they can receive their own friends and appear to be independent of help from other sources. This objection does apply in the large institution; but in small groups of almshouses it will generally be found that, although little jealousies and quarrels will always come, the sense of security and companionship overcomes these, and the other advantages enormously outweigh them. And especially where the occupants are aged, infirm, or disabled, and require the care of a resident nurse and attendants, is the small almshouse a boon and delight for those whose days would otherwise be clouded with anxiety.



TRINITY HOSPITAL, MILE END: MARBLE SHIP.

Drawing: London Survey Committee.



From a Drawing by W. A. Webb.

EMANUEL HOSPITAL, WESTMINSTER.

Thackeray has put the matter with his usual broad humanity and fine intuition when he paints the closing scene of Colonel Newcome's life, and shows him broken and penniless as a direct result of a too generous nature, finding peace among the pensioners of Sutton's noble almshouse of the Charterhouse. There, in the refurnished chapel of the Carthusians, beside the great tomb which Nicholas Stone wrought for the founder, he is discovered in his black gown, with the Order of the Bath still on his breast, uttering the responses to the Psalm. And though his worldly relatives were shocked that he should be



KIDLINGTON, OXON.: ARMS AND INSCRIPTION.



Drawn by W. B. Colthurst.

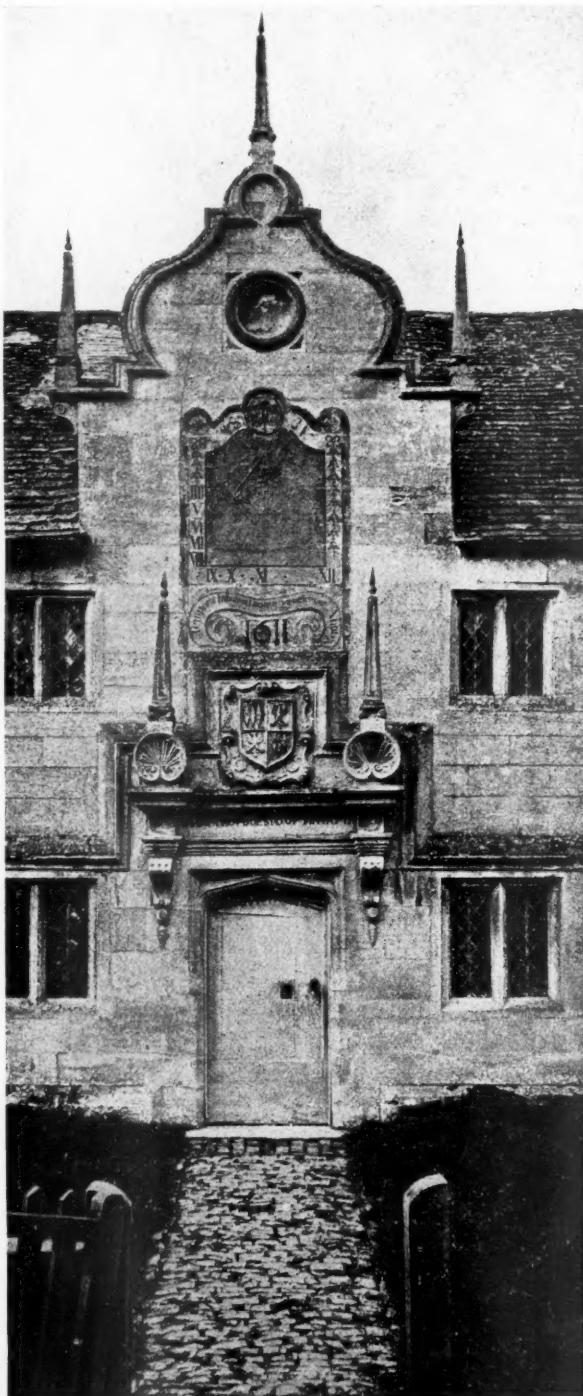
COLLINS'S HOSPITAL, NOTTINGHAM.

there, his French friends, Madame de Florac and her son Paul, with surer instinct, thought it quite fitting. "To be a pensioner of an ancient institution! Why not? Might not any officer retire without shame to the Invalides at the close of his campaigns, and had not fortune conquered our old friend, and age and disaster overcome him?"

The founders of the ancient almshouses believed in the dignity of poverty, and saw in it indeed a part of the central tenets of the Christian faith. If poverty is the consequence of misfortune and is attended by privation, these benefactors determined that it should be robbed of its sting and that its victim should have the status of those who voluntarily professed poverty as part of their religion. And, as all life is interdependent, so the unfortunate may look to the fortunate to redress the balance. The alternative to the private benefactor is the State, an alternative of which many have had cruel experience—for the official mind becomes callous and is uninspired; it seldom rises above the workhouse. But the man who founds

an almshouse has a pride in the thing he creates; his ambition is to make it beautiful, to earn the real gratitude of the pensioners, and to make the whole place an abode of quiet and content, that men may remember his name gladly. Such is the hallowing touch of the personal gift—the blessing that comes on him that gives and him that receives.

There is a malignant spirit always abroad that doubts the charity of the giver, and casts contumely on the recipients, of good gifts. But by nothing is it refuted more than by the charm which the spirit of true benevolence has bestowed upon the almshouse, which stands in eloquent reproof of all uncharitableness throughout the land. It is its conscious pride in preserving the memory of good lives and worthy purposes that marks it out as a fitting subject



From the "R.I.B.A. Transactions," Vol. VI.

ENTRANCE TO WEEKLEY HOSPITAL.



ABBOTT'S HOSPITAL, GUILDFORD: QUADRANGLE.



for the memorial of self-sacrifice and patriotism of which the supreme type has been shown in the late War.

These beautiful memorials have called in the aid of all the arts to tell their constant message to the world. If we could pass in review all the courtyards and quadrangles, common halls and chapels, which adorn our English almshouses, we should be surprised at the variety of the devices which they display and at which all the crafts have assisted. In the Mile End Road, in East London, is a charming open quadrangle which goes by the name of Trinity Ground. This is the almshouse, or hospital, of Trinity House, the corporation which guards our waterways and which stood sponsor to the birth of our navy. There was a similar

almshouse in Deptford, built by Sir Richard Browne, father-in-law of John Evelyn, but it has long since been destroyed, and many of its fittings have been removed here. On the street front are two little ships (see p. 95) cut in marble, symbols of British seamanship. In the September issue of this REVIEW I showed Sir Cloudesley Shovel's frigate the "Rodney" as the weather-vane at Rochester; and these little ships at Trinity Ground are another reminder of the possibilities in our many and varied craft for the memorials of a seafaring nation. In the courtyard are statues to Captain Maples and Captain Sandes, which keep alive the memory of two worthy names

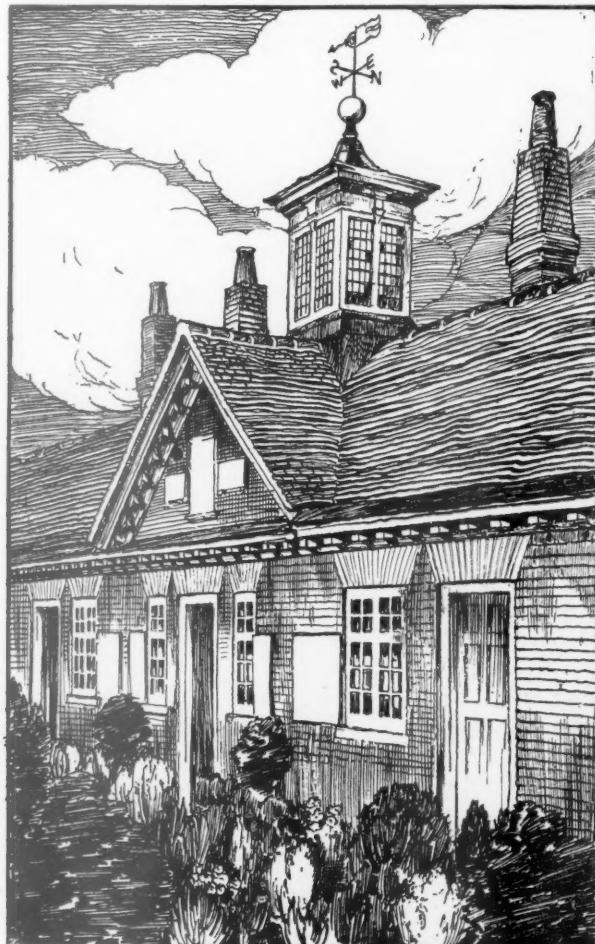


GLASS MEMORIALS.

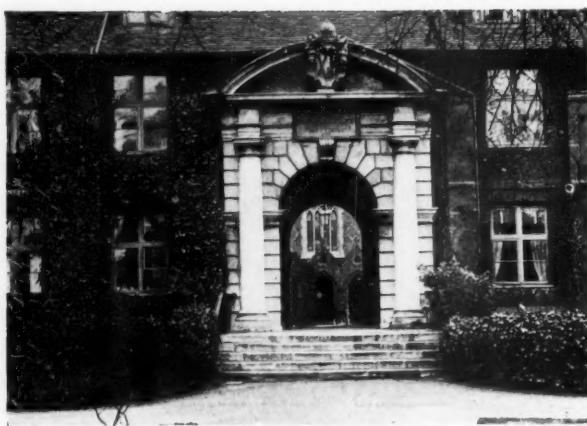
in the mercantile navy of Charles II. The figures show the contemporary costume, and within the courtyard of the



HALL'S ALMSHOUSES, BRADFORD-ON-AVON : DETAIL.



Drawn by Edmund L. Wratten.
ALMSHOUSES, ABINGDON (1707).



BROMLEY COLLEGE, KENT.

almshouses are less pretentious and more in scale with their surroundings than if they had been planted in the busy streets. How many men of our mercantile marine have lately won the right to a like honour by their heroic bearing in the presence of a continual and unexampled danger! Surely no town in England could do itself a greater honour than to set up the figure of one of our sea captains who braved the peril of the mine and submarine to keep our shores supplied with food. In the windows of the chapel are emblems of other mariners—benefactors, masters, and brethren of Trinity House—a time when every merchant and craftsman had his mark, a symbol or graph, which he used as a badge. These beautiful little memorial quarries of glass belong to an age before pictures were cheapened by the daily press and the cinema, and when signs and symbols had a precious significance for all. There are many almshouses which can show these pleasant records in painted glass: the fine Flemish windows in the chapel of Trinity Hospital, Greenwich, with the coats of arms of the Howards; Tudor badges and arms in wreaths of foliage at Ilford; Whitgift's arms in the chapel of his hospital at Croydon, and many more.

The dedicatory inscription tablets, together with the coats of arms of the founders, which are usually to be seen over the entrance doors, are often in themselves models of what the memorial tablet should be when affixed to a building. Several examples are shown here: the miniature hospital at Weekley, Northants, with a beautiful design over the entrance; shields and tablets at Kidlington, Oxford, and Colfe's Almshouses, Lewisham; the heraldic achievement at Collins's Almshouses, Nottingham; and Hall's Almshouses, Bradford-on-Avon; the noble archway with Bishop Warner's arms at his College of Bromley in Kent. The Hungerford Almshouses at Corsham, Wilts, have two panels with arms, which are happily conceived and beautifully wrought; and it would be easy to proceed and cite so large a number of instances that none could complain of the lack of examples. Linked with these "frontispieces," as they would be called of old, are often the effigies or statues of the founders, such as those of Sir John and Lady Morden at Blackheath; William Goddard at Jesus Hospital, Bray; and Sir Robert Jeffery in Shoreditch. In other instances where the founder is buried in the almshouse, we shall find his tomb and effigy in the chapel. Nicholas Stone's fine figures of the Earl of Northampton and of Thomas Sutton are to be seen in the chapels at Greenwich and at the Charterhouse. In Wyatt's Almshouses at Godalming is a brass showing himself and his family, while at numerous other houses are painted portraits of their founders.



WHITGIFT HOSPITAL, CROYDON.

There are almshouses, beside the famous Royal Hospital, Chelsea, which were founded primarily for soldiers, such as the curious timber-built hospital of the Earl of Leicester at Warwick, and Coningsby's Hospital at Hereford. The almsmen of the latter are picturesquely known as "Coningsby's Company of Old Servitors," and they are drawn from poor men "of three years' service at least in the wars or at sea, or serving men of seven years' service." Their dress, "a fustian suit of ginger colour of a soldierlike fashion," may be compared with the scarlet uniform of the Chelsea pensioners. Wren's noble "almshouse" at Chelsea is the memorial of the happiest side of Charles II's reign, as Greenwich Hospital is of that of William III and Mary, and the almost forgotten Hospital of the Savoy of the reign of Henry VII. Is it the passage of time alone that invests these names with an air of stately pride and simple ceremony, or is it that the builders of these royal halls of refuge knew how to memorialize their time and age with such worthy tributes as the art of architecture alone can give?

At Ewelme, Oxfordshire, is one of the earliest quadrangular almshouses, where within the square of modest cottages is a cloistered walk to give an added protection and shelter. It was founded in 1437 by Alice de la Pole, Countess of Suffolk and granddaughter of Geoffrey Chaucer, and is set, like so many other beautiful foundations, within the shadow of the parish church. Here the association of the two buildings is closer than usual, a connecting passage being built between the quadrangle and the west tower, through which the almspeople pass to their allotted pew. Of old, the church seldom stood aloof from the other buildings of the village, as our modern churches do; and there is a charming significance in the linking of church and almshouse at Ewelme, keeping as it does before all who come a homely lesson in the practical effect of a virtuous and benevolent life. Here is a memorial for all time, and an



CHIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOS.

example in the association of ideas to a generation which is apt to divide life into separate watertight compartments. The art of the true relationship of things has still to be studied in the present age. Every new invention of science, which should tend to draw the different elements in life together, seems to have an opposite effect, and nothing suffers so much as the arts in the isolation of the different but inter-related activities of the nation. Solidarity of life is vitally necessary to art—a solidarity that does not prevent, but encourages, extreme differentiation, and even rivalry. We all go about our business as if we were independent units, and our social system reflects this disintegration, which is scarcely felt except, perhaps, by those who have seen the effect of that opposite force—the common purpose called forth by the War. Let us busy ourselves in forging links between things; let us graft the new to the old, and learn the enormous value of the proper grouping of objects and the subtle influence that springs from the association of ideas. A thing in the right place gains beauty from its position; an institution in

touch with life at all points will form a lasting and valuable possession. And our War memorials, if in some way they can be related to their surroundings, architecturally, practically, and (for want of a better word) spiritually, will have a deeper appeal, and will bear more convincing testimony to one of the greatest episodes in our national story.

The few views and sketches collected here show one or two of the charming methods in which the almshouse can be treated. Hall's Almshouses, Bradford-on-Avon, are an almost perfect model of a row of cottages, and Abingdon, Chipping Campden, Emanuel Hospital Westminster, and Lewisham, give other ideas. The quadrangular almshouse is seen at Croydon, Guildford, and Blackheath, as well as at Ewelme. A glimpse at these simple buildings will assure us that they share with our village churches the guardianship of the memorials of the past. Is it too much to hope that they may continue, and some may bear witness to the events of the present and keep the memory of our contemporaries?

STATUES OF DR. JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON'S star is steadily ascendant. This year his birthday (18 September) was honoured with extraordinary reverence and solemnity, and his monument at Lichfield was visited by many persons of note. The accompanying illustration, showing a worshipper in the act of paying the tribute of a wreath, was of course taken on that date. It is as strange that so uncouth a figure as that of Dr. Johnson should have been so often set up as that the memory of a literary man of no very high and no very prolific achievement should have such a hold on us. It can only be because the man was so much greater than his work, and was, in fact, the most typical Englishman known to fame—an epitome of all our virtues and of many of our most characteristic foibles. A downright John Bull sort of man, caustic but kindly, dogmatic but not conceited, learned but without pedantry, aggressive without guile, blunt without brutality (in spite of Walpole's opinion to the contrary), of indomitable courage and endurance, and in essentials the soul of honour and honesty, he was the Englishman's ideal of what a man should be. His statue outside St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, was put there by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, man of letters and sculptor, as an affectionate act of homage, and has for this reason escaped criticism; but it surely is too uncouth, although in that respect it is perhaps a more faithful portrayal than the Herculean statue by Bacon in St. Paul's Cathedral. It may be recalled that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's were at first very reluctant to admit monuments to the cathedral, but at length could not find it in their hearts to keep out the effigy of John Howard the philanthropist, whose statue was therefore, we believe, the first to be erected in St. Paul's. Purists who believe that the addition of monuments to the interior of a temple of worship is profanation, still wish that the cathedral authorities had been strong enough to resist public clamour and to keep out "these excrescences," as they contemptuously call them, and they add a hint that the horrible collection that has resulted is a fitting punishment for this original lapse from virtue. Johnson and Howard, who face each other on opposite sides of the chancel choir, have been sometimes mistaken for St. Peter and St. Paul! Mr. Fitzgerald, by the way, has a

statue of Boswell at Lichfield, where the monument to Johnson has at least a very passably architectural pedestal.



Photo: Topical.

DR. JOHNSON'S STATUE AT LICHFIELD.

The Mayor of Lichfield (Mr. H. Hall) offering a laurel wreath.

ERNEST GIMSON, ARTIST IN FURNITURE DESIGN.

EARLY in September there passed away, in the plenitude of his powers, Mr. Ernest Gimson, artist in furniture. That he was also a craftsman of consummate skill is almost implied in the remembrance that in his youth he was associated with William Morris and Philip Webb, who so nearly succeeded in healing the breach between design and craftsmanship. Gimson must have imbibed strongly their belief that he who did not develop skill of hand was at best but imperfectly educated, besides missing one of the greatest pleasures of life—the delight that comes of mastery over materials, and the satisfaction of turning them at will to beautiful shapes. To see and feel those shapes growing under one's touch is surely to experience the most complete gratification of that "yearning for self-expression" which is inherent in man. Creative artists like Gimson are assured of success because of their passionate love of their work; and of this happy order was Ernest Gimson.

Further, he instinctively adopted the true attitude towards tradition. Neither did he worship it blindly nor flout it contemptuously. He knew its value, and he knew its subtle power of enslavement. He was, in fact, wise enough to wrestle with tradition, and not to let it go until it had blessed him. To the period of Queen Anne he chiefly turned for inspiration and stimulus, but not for examples to copy. In his work there was much originality.

Gimson was trained as an architect (at first with Mr. Barra-dale, of Leicester), and in that capacity had been happily associated with Sir Arthur Blomfield and Mr. Mervyn Macartney; but soon he threw himself with all his heart into the movement which Morris had begun for the reform of English furniture, and

it was at Gimson's hands that the most prolific results were attained.

One who knew him well, and to whom his loss is a personal sorrow, has sent at our request the following notes: "Soon after my introduction to Gimson I understood from him that he was an 'Individualist.' I did not know then, nor am I at all clear about it now, precisely what that meant; but, taking the word on trust as connoting firmness of character, tenacity of opinion, and distinction in bearing, I have no doubt that the term aptly describes my friend. In his disposition, in the quality of his work, and in his singularly impressive personality, he stood out prominently from his fellows.

"In creating his designs he showed a strong endowment of 'nature-sense,' if I may be allowed the coinage. For example, his feeling for flower-forms is amazing, as the honeysuckle on the writing-cabinet here illustrated will serve to demonstrate.

"Gimson's methods were inimitable. Barnsley, Lethaby, Wilson, all masters in much the same kind, would, I think, have ungrudgingly acknowledged that Gimson overtopped them all.

"In case there is a rather natural supposition that a genius so racy of the soil and so rich in enthusiasm must have sprung from some primitive Arcadia of rusticity, virility, and simple faith, it may be advisable to recall that he was born and nurtured in Leicester; where, however, enthusiasm for the arts and crafts is uncommonly keen.

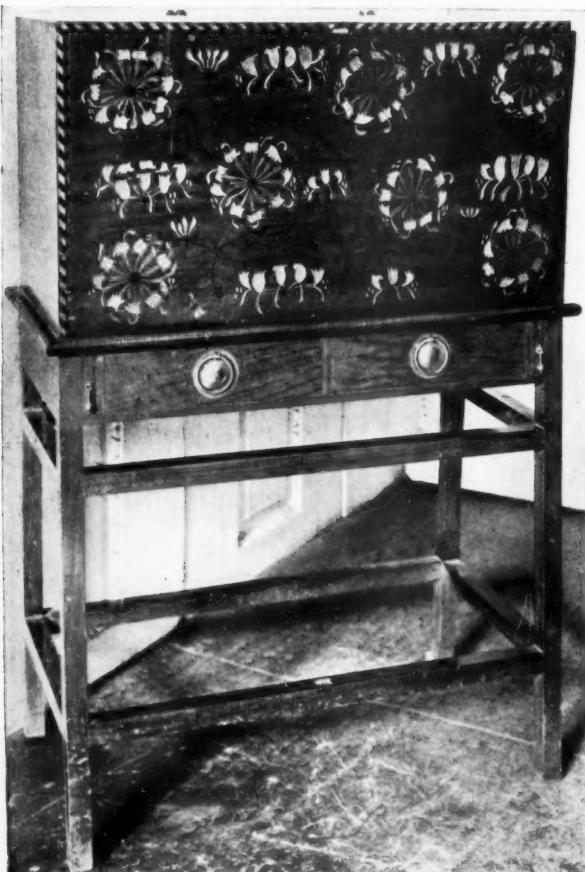
"In his architecture, as in his art-craftsmanship, he showed a wonderful sensibility to environment. Hence the cottages he built in Gloucestershire are so exactly right that the beholder feels sure they must have been designed by a native of long Gloucestershire descent—that no 'foreigner' to the county could have so thoroughly steeped himself in its spirit. Compared with his work the cottages of most other architects—but I should except James McLaren—appear affected and bookish.

"It was always pleasant," our correspondent's *éloge* concludes, "to talk over matters of design with him. His sincerity was as evident as his ability. Although I cannot recollect a single instance of his having changed an opinion that he had once adopted deliberately, I can add that he was never aggressively self-opinionated even when his position as chairman of a public company offered strong temptations to certain forms of dogmatic or domineering assertion. He had, indeed, the magnanimity rather than the irritability that are both commonly attributed to artists in larger measure than the facts warrant.

"His death in the zenith of his powers is an irreparable loss, personal and artistic."

The writing-cabinet shown in the accompanying illustration was acquired from Gimson by Mr. Mervyn E. Macartney, F.R.I.B.A.

Opinion may differ as to the appropriateness of decorating a purely utilitarian article of furniture (designed for an office, apparently, rather than for a boudoir) with honeysuckle whorls, which suggest thoughts that, however pleasant in themselves, are defiantly irrelevant to what Charles Lamb called "the desk's dead wood." It is a writing-cabinet of faëry, fragrant of the hedgerows, and might well be the undoing of "a clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross, Who penned a sonnet when he should engross"; but, independently of its provocation of disconcerting moods, is it not a beautiful piece of work *per se*?



WRITING-CABINET BY ERNEST GIMSON.

PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. BARBARA HOFLAND ON THE SOANE.

As the Government have discovered, the very best way of popularizing an institution is to keep its merits constantly before the public by means of the printing press, and the Soane trustees are very wisely acting on this knowledge. Already their publications have been issued in sufficient number to form a list, on which the last item is the description of the Soane written in 1835 by Mrs. Barbara Hofland, who, as Mr. Arthur T. Bolton, the curator, tells us in his interesting introductory note, was born in 1770 and died in 1844. She was the daughter of Robert Wreaks, a Sheffield manufacturer, and married in 1796 Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, who died two years afterwards. In 1808 she accepted as her second husband Thomas Christopher Hofland, the landscape artist, who was seven years her junior, yet whom she survived ten years. "The immediate value of her description of the Soane," Mr. Bolton assumes, "is that of a first-hand appreciation by a sympathetic and impressionable lady, unquestionably responsive to the vigorous and original mentality of the architect-collector. Their friendship was of long standing, and ceased only with the death of Sir John Soane in 1837. She was, as Mr. Bolton says, a tireless writer, and among her activities with the pen were reports of some of Soane's lectures at the Academy. She was impulsive as well as indefatigable, and her friends did not like her habit of putting them into her books. Mr. Bolton holds it to be certain that the inspiration of the "Description" is Soane's, and that "it affords us an insight into the way in which he would pour his ideas about his house and collection into the ears of a sympathetic and appreciative visitor"—that is to say, a gushing widow with an itch for scribbling and an enormous capacity for absorbing the ideas of others.

Mr. Bolton's introductory note is extremely interesting; but one could wish that he had not disfigured it with the shocking hybrid *nom de plume*, and that, in reminding us that among Mrs. Hofland's friends was Miss Mitford, he had not referred to that lady as "authoress of the once-famous 'Our Village.'" "Authoress" is an old-maidish and obsolete piece of pedantry, and "Our Village" is still famous enough to be included in popular reprints. Mr. Bolton has collated Mrs. Hofland's description with that by Soane himself, and has added some interesting and occasionally amusing footnotes, as well as more than a score of illustrations.

"*Popular Description of Sir John Soane's House, Museum, and Library.*" Written in 1835 by Mrs. Barbara Hofland. Edited by Arthur T. Bolton, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., Soane Medallist, Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum. With 8 illustrations. Price 6d.

THE EVOLUTION OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING.

FROM prehistoric days until the invention of gas man lit himself to bed in almost precisely the same way; and the primitive cave-dweller, discovering light when he discovered fire, found that by using fat and oil he could make an oil-lamp or a candle. He constructed rough vessels of pottery or employed natural gourds for his lamps, and pith made a tolerable wick. Eventually the oil vessel was given a handle, was covered in (leaving an orifice for the oil and spouts for the wicks), and was modelled—by the Greeks and Romans—in terra-cotta or in bronze. Many Graeco-Roman lamps were wrought with splendid craftsmanship; and later, when Constantinople became the seat of Empire, Byzantine metal-workers carried on the tradition with characteristic elaboration in champlevé enamels and settings of precious stones. But as a result of Pope Leo's decree (A.D. 726) against the image-

makers, these skilled craftsmen were deprived of patronage, so that they were forced to leave Constantinople, whence they migrated to the Rhine district, and there did work that gradually permeated all Western Europe.

In the "dark ages" that set in after Charlemagne's final subjugation of the Roman Empire, metal-work reverted to primitive types, and methods of lighting became crude.

With the Gothic period art was associated with lighting. Candelabra of most elaborate design adorned the churches. During the early Renaissance, candelabra were manufactured almost exclusively by the Dutch, who distributed them through Europe by means of the Hanseatic League; the character of the designs being varied to suit local markets. When at length France evolved the Louis XIV style, gorgeous rooms were lit by exquisitely modelled and extremely elaborate hanging candelabra wrought in bronze, mercury-gilt, generally known as "ormolu." Englishmen accomplished the lighting of interiors by candles in wall-sconces or candelabra, either standard or hanging; pewter, brass, and occasionally silver, were used in their construction. All metal-work was dexterously fashioned; candelabra and girandole superbly executed.

With the accession of William III Dutch influence in England naturally became strong, and a heavy massiveness in the details of decoration prevailed, until Robert Adam and his school arose, preaching the gospel of delicacy of form and fineness of detail. Then came the Louis XVI period, with its lustres of cut-glass drops and spangles combined with metal in vogue as candelabra; though at a much earlier period Venice had been celebrated for this class of work and for candelabra in blown glass.

Gradually this use of glass was developed until, in the early part of the nineteenth century, cut-glass chandeliers, in which the metal foundation was entirely concealed, became the fashion.

Further change was slight until improved methods of burning oil produced new conditions; some form of container was essential; a vase was devised, and round it, singly or in groups, arms were arranged to carry the burners. Then came the days of gas, when many of these oil lamps were converted to the use of the new element by the addition of the necessary conduits of tube; and for some time manufacturers persevered in preserving the same general form of the central base with spreading boat-shaped arms, but eventually they reverted to the earlier candelabra form, making the arms tubular instead of solid.

Much the same process of evolution occurred in the early days of electric light, when at first the existing gas fittings were adapted to the new conditions—the gaselier forms remaining unaltered until it occurred to the makers of new fittings that tubes were unnecessary for conveying the electric wire, and that the suspending wires of the various lamps might be used in the design of the whole.

To-day cheapness accounts for inartistic and unsatisfactory production; at the same time beauty lies in many of the old examples which were primarily utilitarian and for the people. The brass candlestick and the Florentine oil lamp, in their time members of common use, are coveted to-day for their decorative charm and elegance of design, but "who would include in a similar category the cheap paraffin lamp with its opal or glass oil-container, supported on some ill-designed baluster, or that crowning absurdity a Corinthian column?"

This summary of the history of domestic lighting has been condensed from a well-written booklet issued by Messrs. Spencers, Limited. The illustrations, of which there are many, are as interesting as the letterpress.

"*History of Artificial Lighting.*" Spencers, Limited, 53 South Molton Street, London, W.1; 119 George Street, Edinburgh. Price 2s. 6d.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Salient Features of the Month's Architectural News.

Whitgift Hospital again Threatened.

Croydon Borough Council has decided to seek Parliamentary sanction for a road-widening scheme which would involve the mutilation or the demolition of Whitgift Hospital. How great a calamity either contingency would imply may be seen from Mr. Hanslip Fletcher's spirited drawing reproduced below. The buildings were completed in 1597, Archbishop Whitgift having provided them for the maintenance of a warden, a schoolmaster, and twenty-eight men and women, or as many more up to forty as the revenue would admit. Formerly situated "in a remote position among the meadows," they have been long since lapped by the rising tide of traffic which more

than once has threatened to overwhelm them. It cannot be denied that the almshouses obstruct the road-widening scheme now in contemplation; but a little ingenuity in town planning should overcome the difficulty without sacrificing or injuring a rare treasure of the value of which the town council would seem to have but an indifferent appreciation. In 1911 the fine old relic of the Elizabethan period was saved mainly through the exertions of Mr. John Burns; and it is hoped that his temporary absence from Parliament will not favour the passage of a Bill that should be summarily rejected in its earliest stage, unless the House of Commons cares to qualify for a just charge of vandalism.



WHITGIFT HOSPITAL, CROYDON.

After a Drawing by Hanslip Fletcher.



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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT (*continued*).

Flats and Housing Provision.

To "The Architects' Journal" belongs the credit of first calling attention to the value to national housing that would accrue from the wholesale conversion of existing houses into working-class flats. This subject was taken up with practical thoroughness by Messrs. Morris and Parnacott, who contributed to the Journal several articles indicating definitely where and how such conversion could be effectually applied. More recently the Journal has published important articles giving an authoritative account of the excellent work that the Mansion House Council on Dwellings is doing in the provision of flats by conversion; and at a conference on 6 August Dr. Addison assured the members of the London Housing Board of his approval of such projects, and it was resolved to take immediate action on these lines, "so as to secure as much additional accommodation as possible before the winter." This may fairly be taken as a clear indication—by no means the first nor the last—of the influence and utility of a vigorously and alertly conducted professional organ.

* * *

Westminster and Southwark Bridges.

Bridges that cross the Thames in London, like all other road bridges, have been subjected in recent years to much greater weight and volume of traffic than their designers had contemplated, and it is not surprising to hear that Westminster Bridge is showing symptoms of overwork. There is talk that it may have to be rebuilt. If and when reconstruction occurs, the opportunity to design the handsomest bridge in the world should be seized gratefully, and with a loyal regard to architectonics. With the London County Hall and St. Thomas's Hospital at one approach, and the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey at the other, the obligation to design a bridge of unexcelled dignity and beauty is imperative, and it therefore follows that the general design should be by an architect, whatever an engineer may do in the matter of loads and stresses and strains. When the present bridge was built, the Iron Age had set in with tremendous severity, and the material of which the first bridge (opened in 1750: Labeyre architect) was built—Portland stone—was rejected in favour of lattice girders on granite piers. It was begun in 1855 by Mr. Page, and finished in 1862 under the supervision of Sir Charles Barry. It is 1,160 ft. long by 85 ft. wide, and comprises seven arches, of which the middle one has a span of 120 ft. The cost of construction was £206,000. Wordsworth's sonnet, beginning



SOUTHWARK BRIDGE (RECENTLY DEMOLISHED).

From an Engraving by Thomas H. Shepherd (1827).

"Earth has not anything to show more fair," was written (1803) on a view from the stone bridge; leaning over an iron parapet would have temporarily paralysed all the poetry in him. It should be noted that work has been resumed on the rebuilding of Southwark Bridge, which, but for the War, would surely have been finished by now. The former bridge, designed by John Rennie, was opened in 1819, and has been demolished a sufficient number of years to render the accompanying engraving of it (which was drawn by Thomas H. Shepherd for James Elmes's "London Improvements") an interesting reminder of its appearance and disappearance.

* * *

Rival Registration Bills.

At a luncheon given by the Society of Architects to the First Commissioner of Works—surely a dubious thing to do—Mr. Edwin Sadgrove, the President of the Society, expressed the determination of the Society to persevere with its Registration propaganda. If the Institute is about to pursue a similar course, there will ensue a further and quite superfluous illustration of the final clause of the old tag, "divided we fall"; or perhaps "fail" would be the more appropriate word. Why cannot these organizations cease their more or less camouflaged rivalry, with their more or less hypocritical denial of it, and unite in the pursuit of the common interests of the profession? Opposition may be "good for trade," but for a profession it is conspicuously wasteful, if not otherwise harmful. To promote in Parliament two Bills when one Bill would stand an infinitely better chance of success at half the expense in money and energy, and that expense more widely shared or subdivided, is a desolating instance of uneconomy; and this, flaunted in the face of a public that has been sedulously indoctrinated with the belief that stringent thrift is the sole alternative to national bankruptcy, will be resented and punished as a wanton exhibition of sinful prodigality. What are the members of the respective organizations about to allow this insane orgy of futile extravagance?

* * *

The Whitehall Cenotaph.

Architectural opinion on the merits of the Whitehall cenotaph may be sharply divided, but there is no room for doubt that to the general public it is singularly impressive. Not only has there been an irresistible demand that

the monument shall be carved in stone to be set up on its present site, but there have been numerous bids for the fibrous-plaster original; and probably Sir Edwin Lutyens might spend the rest of his natural life in complying with requests for replicas. It may be fairly questioned, however, how much of this popularity is due to intrinsic merit, and how much to the emotional effect of a dramatic incident. The cenotaph at Whitehall marks the spot at which the great peace procession halted in reverence to "The Glorious Dead," but replicas on other spots will not possess the same virtue. It is nevertheless a gratifying indication of a chastened public taste that so simple and dignified a design should have made so powerful an appeal, and be the parent of many.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT (*continued*).

City of London Memorial to London Troops.

Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., is to design the City of London's memorial to her glorious dead. It is stated that a square panelled structure is contemplated, surmounted by a lion supporting shields bearing the City and county arms, with flanking figures and bronze tablets, crowned with wreaths, bearing the names of the regiments and the principal battles. It will stand in front of the Royal Exchange—a site regarded by Wren as the heart of the City. Sir Edwin Lutyens has proved to the utmost the value of architecture in this noble service of memorial design, and Sir Aston may be trusted to uphold the standard.

* * *

Picture Houses and Others.

An indignant outcry that has been very naturally raised against the demolition of dwellings to make way for picture palaces, makes so powerful an appeal to the popular sympathies, not to say prejudices, that it is only too likely to encourage bureaucracy to divert all building energy into the one channel of housing—an effect that is neither necessary nor desirable, since it would further postpone important work that has been already held up too long for the general welfare.

* * *

Industrial Council for the Building Industry.

At the annual meetings of the Industrial Council for the Building Industry, held on 14 and 15 August, in the Institute of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, two interim reports were read that represented severally the extremes of optimism and pessimism. In the one it was represented that the supply of labour fell far short of the requirements for housing, which would swallow up all the available men and demand a hundred thousand more. This is so incredible that one suspects some

serious error in computation. After these dismal statistics it was not less cheering than startling to read the interim report of the Committee on Scientific Management and Reduction of Costs. This document was entirely in the new spirit that is to pervade industry and to substitute co-operation for antagonism. Naturally it met with vehement opposition from employers, who succeeded in getting the report referred back; but the report, which was printed in "The Architects' Journal" of 20 August, is a very humane document, and is withal an important contribution to industrial economics. Either quality would entitle it to careful study by architects who are trying to keep abreast of the rather rapid modern movement.

Select Committee on Land Values.

The House of Commons Land Values Select Committee, which held its preliminary meeting on 6 August, is so diversely constituted, representing as it does every facet of opinion on an extremely contentious subject, that a strong minority report may be safely anticipated. Inveterate, however, as are the land laws and inextricably entangled with social privilege, class distinction, and feudal conventions generally, it is not to be supposed that even they can escape the avalanche of reconstruction which the Great War unloosed upon all institutions; and the Select Committee are confronted with a long and formidable task. It seems certain that they are bound to recommend reforms which will render comparatively easy the transfer of land for agriculture or building, and will free it from some of the vexatious burdens that render its acquisition unnecessarily dilatory and costly. Sir T. P. Whittaker will be a most businesslike chairman of the Committee; and a notable member is Major H. Barnes, F.R.I.B.A., who will bring to its counsels a sound knowledge of a subject of which he has acquired, both in theory and in practice, an uncommon mastery.

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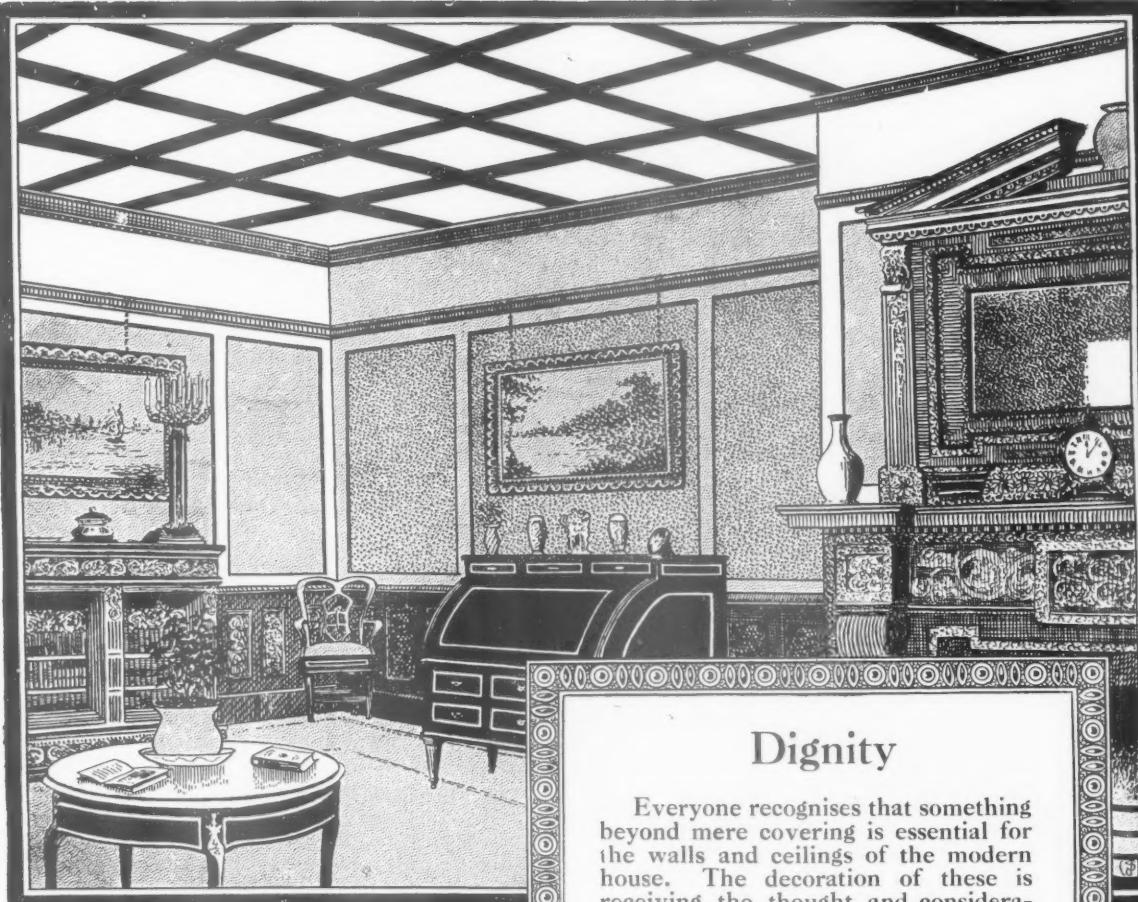
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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT (continued).

Pisé de Terre, Chalk, Clay, Cob, and Wood Building.

Much controversy has arisen over the use of pisé-de-terre, cob, chalk, and clay, in substitution for bricks. Mr. St. Loe Strachey and Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis are making at Newlands Corner, near Guildford, Surrey, some interesting experiments in cottage building with these materials. Mr. Williams-Ellis is about to issue a book on the subject, and in the prospectus to it the plea is made that, "so far as rural housing is concerned, the solution must be sought through the use of natural materials already existing on the site, i.e., materials that may be worked straight into the fabric without any elaborate or costly conversion, and that by local labour." This question should be thoroughly discussed without, on the one hand, laying undue stress on the baseness of the material, and on the other, without succumbing abjectly to the lure of cheapness. Rammed earth has a formidable rival in wood houses, which are being strenuously, not to say stridently, advocated by the champions of the "stunt" system of journalism.

Belgian Gratitude to Mr. Ernest Newton.

The Council of the Central Society of Architecture of Belgium have conferred the rank of honorary member on Mr. Ernest Newton, R.A., who was president of the Royal Institute of British Architects during the first three years of the War. The offer of this distinction was accompanied by an expression of the warmest gratitude for the unwearied help and sympathy which he extended to exiled Belgian architects during the cruel years of the German occupation.

"Gems of English Architecture"—Correction.

The author of the series of articles appearing under the above title wishes it to be understood that the last paragraph of the September instalment (page 59) was not written by him, but was added editorially.

ON TOWN PLANNING.

To the Editors of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

SIRS,—

I do not wish to take up any more of your valuable space, but should be sorry if, by omitting any reply to Mr. Thomas Adams, it were supposed possible that I should resent any of his remarks on my article.

His criticism strikes me as perfectly courteous and friendly, and reveals to me that there is very little difference of opinion between us; for what is denounced in my article he says is not Town Planning. And he declares that I am one of its best friends.

If Mr. Adams had read my book "Individuality" he would more clearly understand my advocacy of that principle. I have read Mr. Adams's article through twice very carefully, vainly hoping to find some criticism of his to challenge or refute.

Faithfully yours,

C. F. A. VOYSEY.

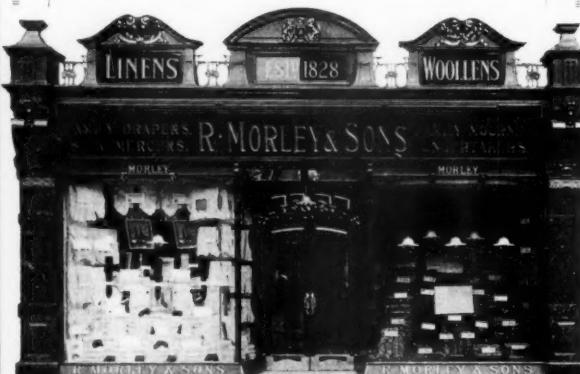
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